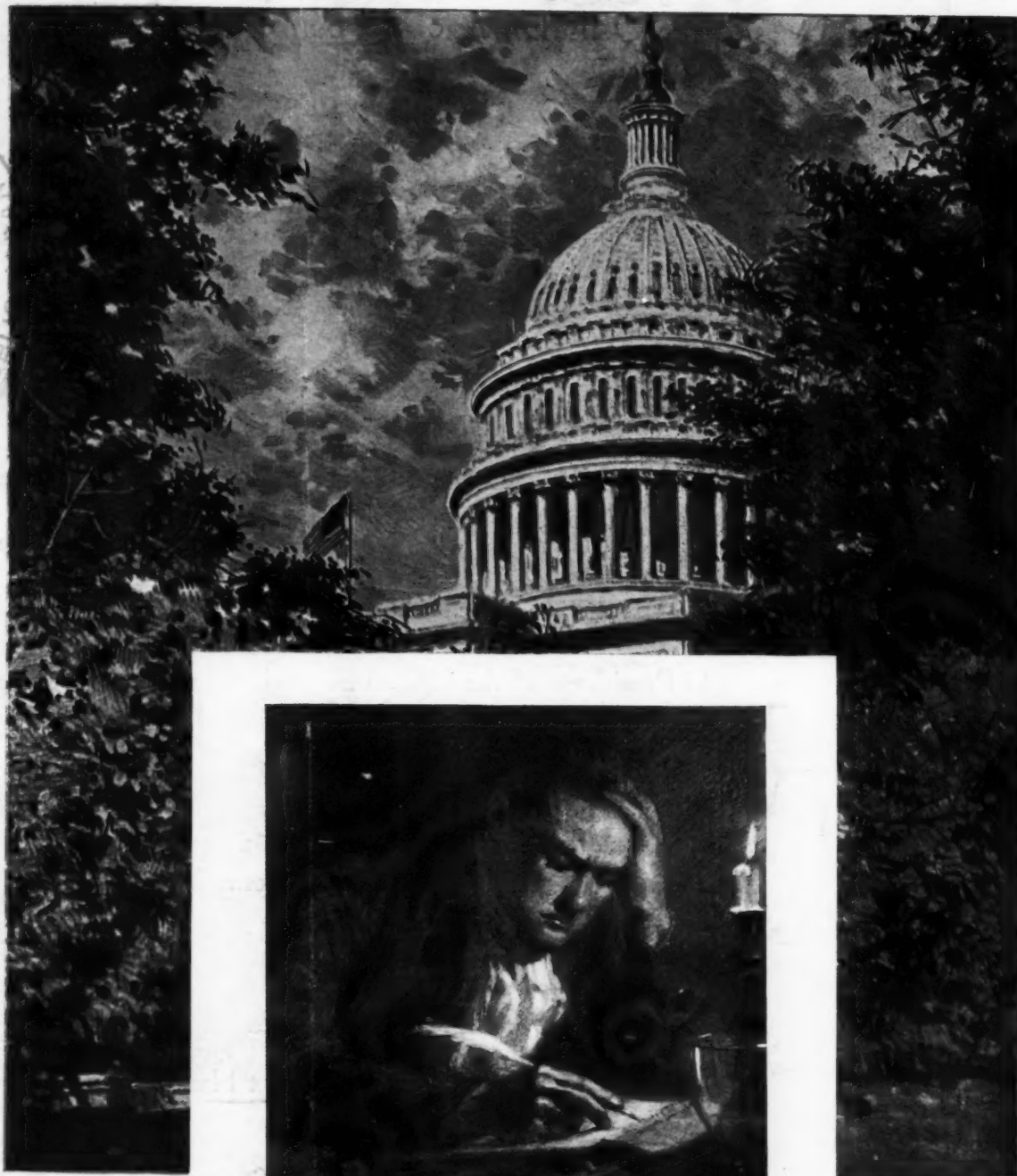


NATIONAL

Monthly *about the People*

MAGAZINE



JULY-
AUGUST
1921

20 CENTS

Jefferson writing Declaration of Independence



Steinway \$20,000 Art Grand That Graces East Room of Executive Mansion, Washington

Piano of Presidents

Forbidden thus far to Presidents of the United States by the unwritten law is a Third Term. There is neither constitutional nor sentimental limitation, however, to the tenure of Art in the White House.

PRESIDENT OF PIANOS

Steinway, "the instrument of the immortals," is still the Ruler of Music reigning supreme in the East Room of the Executive Mansion. The Art Grand Piano, gift to the Nation by Steinway & Sons, is in

ITS FIFTH TERM

Many great artists have played upon it since its installation in Roosevelt's second term. It has been the crowning glory of musical entertainments of three Presidents, their families and guests before President Harding, and it is good for many periods to come.

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 107-109 E. 14th Street, New York

Have You Sent In Your Heart Thrill?

IT is nothing short of attending a spicy movie show to read the realms of heart thrills that come in day by day. There is evident daily a tremor throughout the building as the mail man stalks up with his bag o' thrills!

We have never yet accosted any man, woman, or child, and requested that he or she declare to us the greatest thrill that was theirs, without some sort of response. What does it prove? Why, simply, that no matter how prosaic, obscure or diffident the individual, a heart thrill has at some time or another found its way into their lives.

We assure you, folks, our Heart Thrills department is no psycho-analysis parlor, wherein we diagnose the mechanism of your cerebrum, impart a bit of wiseacre stuff on the horror of repression and show you to the door to the tune of a dollar. It is simply a component slice of the editor's pie, and it needs to be "knifed" every now and then by fresh contributions from you.

Send in an account (500 words or less) of the most heart thrilling moment of your life.

Can you mentally "blue pencil" what isn't and should be, and what shouldn't be, and is, of the NATIONAL?

We aim to maintain a correct balance of material in the magazine, but some of the staff have large noses which interfere with their sight in locating the target, and so they get the label "Poor Shots," apropos of which we seek to inquire, *Do we get the balance idea?*

If it is at all possible that you, civilized and intellectual readers, are able to discover our biographies weigh too much on one scale, in proportion to the romance we dig up for you on the other, kindly let Uncle Sam play messenger boy to us to tell us so. In other words, give the mail man more to do in this cool weather!

We are making a drive for a hundred thousand new subscribers. Can you hint this fact to a friend and get his nod of approval? We'll send him a bill for \$2.40 and send you your commission.

When most women speak of a good complexion, they think only of their face.

Why not have a beautiful skin all over?

The famous **RED** cake with the delightful health odor.



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. L

JULY-AUGUST, 1921

New Series No. 4

Articles of Timely Interest

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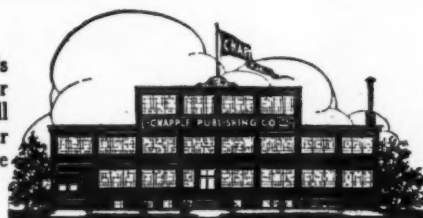
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THESE MEN CELEBRATED THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776, WITH HISTORIC PENS,
 BY SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



HERE are some who think that all Congress or the President has to do is to wave the magic wand and pass some particular measure, and prosperity will spring like Minerva from the brow of Jove. There are others who know better. Some realize world and national sentiment is delayed in fusing within the crucible, and the heated mass holds danger if prematurely tapped. The man without a panacea is hard to find in Washington these sweltering days.

"Now if they would only pass this bill."

But everybody passes—something.

* * *

The pre-emption of the historic Marble Room, utilizing the terrace for an open-air walk for the Solons has softened the asperity of Senatorial temper, while also checking the flow of frivolity, and saved the public. The stuffy cloak rooms, with their traditions of good stories, have been deserted for the room with a terrace overlooking the capital city. Good stories do not seem to flourish in the sunlight.

* * *

There was something of the heroic assumed and much of the political revealed in the defeat of Senator Lodge's motion to take a recess. The Agricultural Bloc determined that something must be done for the farmers ere harvest days are completed, for elections are coming next year. Those who have been among the farmers are earnestly sympathetic with the situation. They are the basis of production of wealth, and must sow and reap whether markets and prices go up or down. Whether legislative fiat will work out the problem no one but a political prophet can venture to say. It was the farmer with his flintlock and plow who created the nation.

* * *

Peace has been declared!

A messenger from Congress was dispatched to Raritan, which is in the mosquito state, where President Harding was spending the 4th of July with Senator Frelinghuysen. The document was signed in the atmosphere of the historic date commemorating the independence of the nation, and was signed with as simple ceremonies as receipting a laundry bill. No liberty bells were rung—but now there is peace.

* * *

This may not be news, but it is feelingly related that it is hot in Washington. That is the one question on which all agree—no objections—carried. Mopping the brow is the familiar gesture, with the usual comment associated with the temperature of Hades.

On the hot trail processions come and go every day at the executive office. The President cannot be charged with not being in personal hand-to-hand touch with the citizenry of the country—old and young. He seems to accept it good



Copyright, Edmonson, Washington

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY

Residence, Columbus, Ohio. Lawyer. Age sixty-one years. Born in Washington Courthouse, Ohio. Practiced law, 1881-88. Elected to the State Legislature in 1888, serving five years. Chairman of State Republican Executive Committee in 1912, also twice chairman of the State Republican Central Committee of Ohio. Harding campaign manager at the Chicago Convention. Such in brief is the life history to date of the Attorney-General of the United States. Mr. Daugherty's activities have been rather those of an able political manager than of a leader of the American bar. His selection was first explained by the fact that it was not unusual for a President-elect to find himself in a position where he felt obligated to pay a personal friendly tribute with a place in the Cabinet. The country finds the new Attorney-General justifies the confidence of the person who knows him best

naturedly as a definite executive function—and best of all he seems to enjoy it.

The tariff bill, as reported, is now open for public discussion. The congressional debate clock has run down. The problem still remains: how to raise the four or five billions necessary



George Washington in full Masonic regalia as Worshipful Master of Alexandria Lodge

to run the government. There is talk of the three-cent postage stamp returning to remind us of war days, and of a sales tax with taxes submerged at the source. But who is to start the sales? The world must get to work. The reports are that Germany is the first one to get busy, teeming with production early and late, while others are waiting like heirs—expectant—for a big lump fortune to roll into their laps.

While Washington swelters under scorching suns, there is a general feeling of good nature among appointed and disappointed, which indicates that the political honeymoon of the administration is not entirely at an end. There is yet much lively anticipation of favors to come.

The work in the various departments jogs on at the usual summer pace—it is just one vacation after another here as elsewhere, but the chivalrous and gallant Congress refuses to consider a vacation at this time. The virtue of appreciating a real job has appeared once more.

GEORGE WASHINGTON the Mason is a title of the "Father of His Country" well established. He joined the order at Fredericksburg. His connection with it is to be emphasized in a suitable memorial at Alexandria, Virginia, the home of Alexandria Lodge No. 22, of which General Washington was the first Worshipful Master. Originally the lodge was No. 39 under the Pennsylvania jurisdiction, organized in 1783, from the master, wardens and members of which, on Christmas eve in that year, Washington received a letter felicitating him upon his safe return to private life. He was

also presented with an address from the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge, and his reply, in beautiful diction, is still preserved among the archives of the lodge.

In 1788 the lodge was transferred to the Virginia jurisdiction, in the new warrant "George Washington, Esq., late general and commander-in-chief of the forces," etc., being named as Worshipful Master. This warrant is still the working authority of the lodge. It bears the autograph of George Randolph, who was both Masonic grand master and governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia when it was issued.

The name, but not the number of the lodge, was changed in 1805, to add the name of its first master, making it Alexandria-Washington lodge. Thus a little organization in an old-fashioned colonial hamlet has become the most famous subordinate Masonic lodge in America, and its lodge room a shrine to which thousands of the fraternity annually resort. Mementoes of its illustrious charter master hang upon the walls and rest in the alcoves of the sanctuary.

For the memorial it is proposed to erect a majestic temple in Alexandria, a site of twenty acres having been acquired, the edifice to have at least one floor set apart forever as a memorial hall. Funds are being raised through free will offerings of the fraternity to "The George Washington Masonic National Memorial Association."

SAFETY FIRST," as applied to mines and smelters, will be organized presently upon a national foundation. It would be a grand thing if this were also done for all industries. Every industry has its peculiar dangers, and accordingly first-aid and safety training in different ones require distinctive methods.

Safety organization for self-preservation and mutual protection in homes and on highways, and in outdoor play and work, would likewise inure to the conservation of human life, limb, and faculties. At least the schools ought universally to be utilized for instruction in safety first maxims and first-aid methods.

The movement to make the mine-safety fraternity national in structure took shape at a recent meeting of the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association in Washington, D. C. This society was organized six years ago with the idea that, through its efforts in safety promotion, it would serve to keep alive the memory of the honored apostle of mine-safety principles whose name it bears. Dr. Joseph A. Holmes was the first director of the Bureau of Mines, and he popularized that pulse-quickening slogan, "Safety First." One of the motives of expansion of the association to embrace all the mine-safety brotherhoods of this country was declared to be that of creating "a living, stirring, deed-doing memorial" to Dr. Holmes.

In seeking nation-wide jurisdiction the association purposes to bring together the thousands of miners trained in first-aid and mine-rescue work by the Bureau of Mines into local chapters to form component units of a national parent organization. It will continue to bestow honor medals and diplomas upon those who have performed especially notable feats of heroism and rescue work at mine fires and explosions.

In the whole category of industrial catastrophes that every now and then shock the public, there is nothing more pathetic and heart-wringing than fires or explosions in mines. If only one such distressing event in a generation be prevented by this mine-safety movement, all the expense and trouble connected with the organization would be well rewarded. And there is no doubt that the number of these tragedies will be reduced by hundreds, as compared with the record of past years, through the functioning of the Joseph A. Holmes Association.

THESE are halcyon days for editors. That is, if the role of office-holding is as halcyonic as popular imagination makes it. It takes an editor to know what editors are worth. Editors are supposed to live for the purpose of showing how the country should be run. Therefore, it is only right that some of them should be picked to take a part in running the country. Not only ought they to have a chance at testing their own ideas of running things, but it is fair that they should take chances of dodging bricks heaved at office-holders—an exercise in which editors themselves sometimes take delight.

Roy Haynes of Ohio, the editor-President's state, is the latest editor to come into his own—speaking in line with the foregoing theory. He has been selected as the man to "put down liquor" in the United States and, having been trying to do that same thing under less favorable circumstances for some years as a temperance worker, the job suits the man. With the eighteenth amendment for a foothold and the Volstead Act for a cudgel, he may confidently hope to smash the crown of King Alcohol, which heretofore he could only faintly dent.

Mr. Haynes succeeds John F. Kramer as national prohibition commissioner. This is a Presidential appointment in the category that does not require the approval of the Senate. So Mr. Haynes can, without delay, "go to it." Editor of the *Hillsboro Dispatch*, he was one of the first of Ohio editors to suggest the nomination of Mr. Harding for President. Mr. Haynes has been influential in Republican politics in his state for a long while. Five years ago he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal general conference. Before entering newspaper work he was headmaster of the Miami Military Institute at Germantown, Ohio, which, it may be presumed, was valuable experience for the fighting employment he now enters.

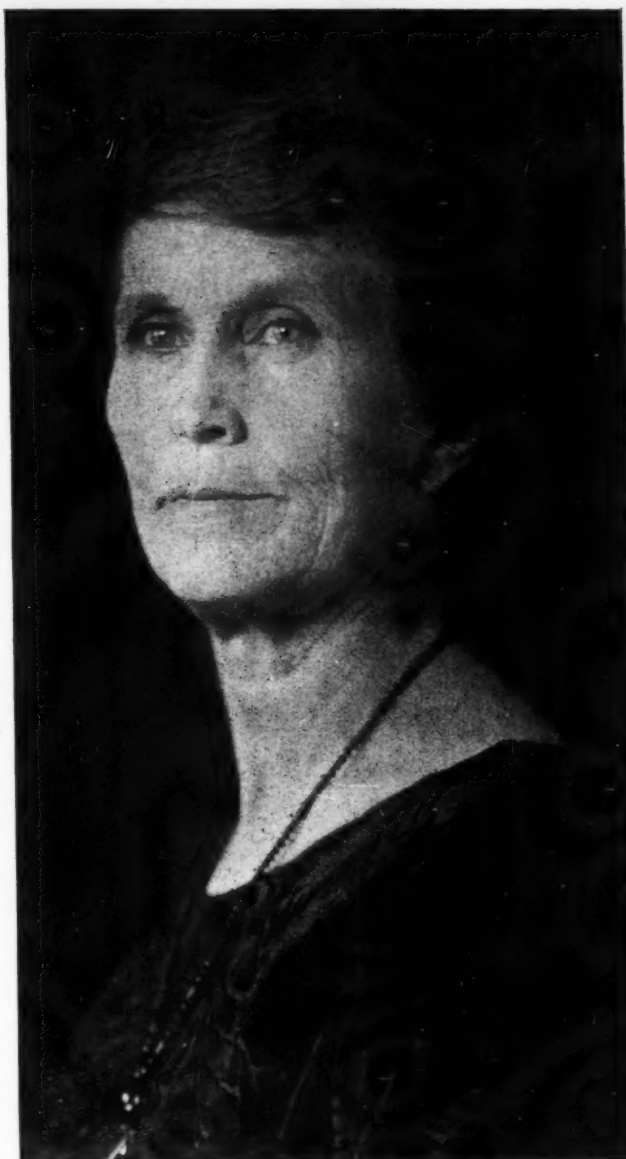
As Sheik of the Great American Desert he will be expected to suppress all unlawful irrigation schemes in that domain. It is the toughest job in the United States, a fact that will everlastingly glorify its successful performance.

* * * *

IT hurt Senator Norbeck of South Dakota to break with the administration on the Colombian treaty. Where convictions ordered, however, he felt he must obey. Conscience is a good thing for a statesman to have, although it may cause painful itching when leading one against his friends.

Senator Norbeck probably voted in the negative on confirmation of that treaty chiefly because he could not bear to do anything that seemed to reflect discredit upon the memory of Roosevelt. He was an ardent devotee of Theodore Roosevelt as President and followed him afterward into the Bull Moose camp, and, though returning with him later into the Elephant compound, he has not lost the least particle of his faith in the Roosevelt policies. Therefore, if the majority takes any course he thinks runs counter to that creed, Senator Norbeck will be seen "kicking over the traces." He is no living man's man. Class him as a typical western Progressive Republican, one owning no master but the people, and you have him about right.

At latest accounts Senator Norbeck had made no speeches nor introduced any bills, but that does not say that he has folded his toga around him and lain down to pleasant dreams. He is intensely devoted to securing adequate legislation for the relief of conditions from which American agriculture is suffering. Western farmers have more need of legislative aid than those elsewhere, because of the insufficiency of local capital and the uncertainty of Eastern money. To relieve a felt difficulty in the extension of credit to farmers, a bill has lately passed the Senate (June 9) which will permit Federal Farm Loan banks to issue bonds bearing five and one-half per cent interest, instead of five per cent, the present limitation. The farmers were not forgotten in the emergency tariff act passed early in the session. Other agricultural remedial legislation



MRS. ALBERT B. FALL

Wife of the Secretary of the Interior, lives on a vast ranch at Three Rivers, New Mexico, of which, during her husband's absence at his political posts, she has had entire management. Mrs. Fall has been closely identified with the political life of the Southwest. Her father was Josiah Morgan, member of the Confederate Congress from the Clarksville, Texas, District, her aunt was the mother of Congressman W. C. Houston, of Tennessee, and her cousin Attorney-General Garland. Her husband served as a member of the New Mexico Legislature, associate justice of the supreme court and attorney-general of the Territory, and also came to Washington as New Mexico's first senator, when the State was taken into the Union.

that Senator Norbeck has assisted in procuring are measures to prevent gambling in supposititious farm products and to regulate the packing industry.

There is one monumental public benefit in connection with which the fame of Senator Peter Norbeck—or Governor Norbeck as you choose—is secure for all time. He makes a specialty of encouraging the establishment and fostering of national and state parks. Tourists from all parts have now accessible to them, in the Black Hills mountain region of South Dakota, the greatest state park in the country. Comprising ninety thousand acres of land, now being enclosed in a game-tight fence seventy miles in length, within its area are included Harney Peak, a mile high, and Sylvan Lake—the latter considered to be one of the most beautiful spots in North America. Here bison, elk, deer, antelope and other native animals roam



HON. JAMES WOLCOTT WADSWORTH, JR.
United States Senator (Republican) from New York

about unmolested, while the finest trout fishing amidst rugged mountain scenery may be enjoyed. For the opening and improvement of this vast wonderland of nature, the chief credit is accorded to Mr. Norbeck, who pushed the plans to completion and then kept constantly after the project for many years. His two terms as Governor of South Dakota, immediately preceding his Senatorship, gave him exceptional opportunity for realizing his great objective.

As a member of the Public Lands Committee of the Senate, to which much of the national park legislation is referred, Senator Norbeck is in his element. His long practical training in outdoor industrial enterprises, together with his part in establishing the model state rural credits system of South Dakota, has been further recognized in the Senate by giving him membership in the committees on Agriculture and Forestry, Mines and Mining, and Banking and Currency. For a new Senator to be upon four important committees is a distinction that few have ever possessed.

* * *

STATE legislative experience, national statecraft inheritance, a stabilizing war record, the business training of food producer and banker, and the prestige of a scholastic degree make a goodly array of qualifications for the United States Senate. Such is the five-fold panoply composing the toga of Senator James Wolcott Wadsworth, Jr., of New York.

He was a member of the New York Assembly from 1905 to 1910, from 1906 on being its speaker. His father was former

Congressman James W. Wadsworth. Born at Geneseo, New York, August 12, 1877, he finished his education at Yale in 1898 with the degree of bachelor of arts. He is no bachelor of hearts, though, having married Alice Hay, daughter of the famous diplomat and biographer of Lincoln, on September 30, 1902.

Besides his business of stock-raising and general farming, conducted at Mt. Morris, New York, from 1898 onward, he was manager of a large ranch at Paloduro, Texas, from 1911 to 1913. He is a director of the Geneseo National Bank and the Livingston County Trust Company.

Senator Wadsworth entered the United States Senate in 1915 and was re-elected for the present term. He was a delegate to the Republican national conventions of 1908, 1912, and 1916. As chairman of the Military Committee he has won a reputation as one of best debaters in the Senate.

* * *

IN the Congressional cemetery at Washington there still lies the remains of one of Massachusetts' most illustrious sons, Elbridge Gerry, dying in the service of his country—in holding the honored office of Vice-President of the United States and thus fulfilling his own memorable injunction: "It is the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country." A man who in the early history of Massachusetts had more honors to his credit than most men in the present age: Member of the Continental Congress, a delegate to National Convention, Commissioner to France, Governor of Massachusetts, Vice-President of the United States and signer of the Declaration of Independence—while better than a century has elapsed since his passing away and his remains still lie in Washington. It would hardly be too late at this date to bring him back to Massachusetts and let the monument that was erected in Washington in 1823 in the cemetery stand as a cenotaph to his memory. It was only a few years ago that the remains of Paul Jones of naval fame were brought to this country by our government and placed in the chapel at Annapolis, Maryland. In the early history of our country, when men of note passed away, owing to lack of means of transportation at that time, they were seldom taken home for burial. Governor Clinton of New York State, who died also when Vice-President under Madison, was buried in Washington, his remains later on being brought back to his native state. It would seem that state pride ought to result in a movement for the return of the bodies of every Senator, Congressman, and other notables to their old home towns.

* * *

TO budge the budget system after its dilatory adoption by Congress, in other words to make it "go," a master of finance was needed. As in other highly responsible selective duties, President Harding was fortunate in finding the right man available. That the appointee is a native of Ohio and a Republican warhorse from away back, is neither here nor there, as it would have been hard, if not impossible, to discover another with qualifications as eminent as those of the one chosen.

General Dawes is the man that divorced languor from language in Congressional committee room testimony, when he appeared at the Senate investigation of certain war expenditures. The public document containing his observations before the probers had the largest circulation of anything that emanated from the Government Printing Office for years, while all the daily newspapers in the land coined money from the issues that reproduced the high lights of his opinions of men and things. These views were the reverse of complimentary to people who were trying to tag with scandal the operations of those who bore the colossal responsibility of winning the war at any cost.

Practicing his profession of law for only seven years, General

Dawes early went into business. For twenty-seven years his name has been identified with the gas supply of cities scattered from the near West to the Pacific Coast. Since 1902 he has been president of the Central Trust Company of Chicago, whose office is his private headquarters, and he is also president of the Rufus F. Dawes Hotel Association, whose hostelrys are among the best in the country. His capacity for public finance was conspicuously shown in the five years ending with 1902, when he was Comptroller of the Currency. Ever since he has been recognized as one of the leading financial authorities of the United States.

"When I thought of the staggering appropriations of billions, with the responsibility of expenditure involved, I began to realize that this war ought to create business giants."

This is a comment I wrote upon an interview the Secretary of War gave me in the midst of war time. Looking back now on the war service of General Dawes, I might properly say that in him a business giant was discovered rather than created. Early in his second year of overseas service he was the chief representative for the United States in business with other nations, and later was aiding in the same function for all the allied countries.

His rapid promotion in rank and the decorations of three governments, including his own, could not have come but from ability and merit recognized by the different nations he served. Beginning his war service as commanding major of engineers in the national army in June of 1917, the following month he was made lieutenant colonel of railway engineers. In January of 1918 he became colonel, and in October brigadier general. His financial talent, however, had been enlisted more than a year before, in September of 1917, when he was appointed to the administrative staff of the commander-in-chief as chairman of the general purchasing board and general purchasing agent of the expeditionary forces. Later he was chosen as a member of the allied purchasing board and of the liquidation commission of the Allies. He resigned from the army in 1919, returning to the United States in August. From his own country he received the Distinguished Service Medal, Belgium conferred on him the Order of Leopold, and France made him a commander of the Legion of Honor.

Charles Gates

Dawes was born at Marietta, Ohio, August 27, 1865, his father being General Rufus R. Dawes. He successively took the degrees of A. B. and A. M. at Marietta College, the latter in 1887, and that of LL.B. from Cincinnati Law School in 1886. Admitted to the bar the latter year, he practiced in Lincoln, Nebraska, 1887-1894, then engaging in the gas business. He married Caro D. Blymyer of Cincinnati, January 24, 1889. His home is in Evanston, Illinois; he belongs to eight



CHARLES G. DAWES

The "master mind" of finance who has been placed in charge of the budget by the President

clubs. In 1896 he was the executive head of the movement that resulted in the instructions for William McKinley's nomination at the Republican state convention that year.

General Dawes is author of two books: "The Banking System of the United States," 1892, and "Essays and Speeches," 1915—without which no financial library is complete.

* * * *

THE Great Omnipresent Sculptor of human beings oft-times patterns men after the model of great loyal souls who have gone before them.

In such a cast was Congressman J. H. Himes moulded. His predecessor was William McKinley. In some aspects he is to be likened to this kindly-disposed personage. Memories of President McKinley are immediately awakened when one approaches and meets Congressman Himes in Washington.

Keenly interested in schools and libraries, and a manufacturer at home, this statesman gives one the instant impression of a typical, clear-eyed American business man. His campaign was characteristic of his kindness. His Bible is friendliness. People sense the precepts of his Bible immediately they meet him. He puts friendliness above everything else, whether conducting political affairs or business relations.

* * * *

HERE is the story of a red necktie. During the rush of inauguration times, I took Senator Frank B. Willis by the coat collar and led him into a corner. He thought at first I wanted a ticket or an appointment. His mind was disabused when I movingly said, "May I have the inside story of your speech, nominating Warren G. Harding at Chicago?"

"It is the story of a red necktie," he responded. And here is the romance:

On the morning of the nomination Frank Willis had his speech carefully prepared, stowed in an inside pocket, awaiting his turn at the Coliseum. He sweltered, and with busy kerchief feverishly mopped his brow. Going back of the stage to reach



HON. J. H. HIMES

The "friendly" Congressman from Ohio



FRANK B. WILLIS

Who, in his impromptu speech at the Chicago Coliseum in the nomination of Warren G. Harding for President, made one of the most remarkable addresses ever heard at a national convention

the flying bridge on the platform, provided for speakers, he passed through what was called "Celebrity Alley." Here he met Doctor Clarence Marine, an old newspaperman, a veteran of many national conventions, who had the Ohio habit of wanting a Buckeye named every time. Clarence wore a furious red necktie. It was so loud it would stop anything—and it stopped Frank Willis. With a sort of cynical intonation, characteristic of newspaper philosophers, the doctor said:

"Are you going to say anything to the delegates? The rest of the speakers have been talking to everything else, something about their men and much to the galleries, but overlooking the delegates. Say something to the delegates, Frank. They have the votes."

He gave the necktie a twitch and it turned like a railway switch from red to green as Willis passed on. When the latter mounted the flying drawbridge with his feet within the circle prescribed for the orators, his voice rang out, "Fellow-citizens!" Then he knew that he held the audience in the galleries as well as the delegates, with his voice. Just as he was to begin his speech, he forgot all about the manuscript in his pocket, and Doctor Marine and the red necktie came to mind instead. Then he began talking directly to the delegates, forgetting everything else.

"We have plenty of good candidates," he told them. The crowd responded with that subtle, good-natured expression called "an audience smiling." Frank Willis could not resist smiling in return. He realized that this was a party proposition and that Warren G. Harding was distinctly a party candidate. That was the dominant idea in his mind, and he continued:

"Let us nominate a man whose record"—and he thought of the record of Warren G. Harding on the tariff league, so he kept on talking to the delegates for ten minutes, oblivious of the carefully-prepared speech buried in the inside pocket. The

speech lasted only a few minutes, but it will stand out as one of the most remarkable addresses in the history of national conventions. All the while he was speaking, with occasionally a furtive glance at the galleries, that red necktie kept flashing before him. As he warmed up, he began to feel that there was no doubt of the nomination of Harding. He turned from a flirtation with the galleries to direct action upon the groups that "had the votes," with the confidence of success making his utterance vibrate as he proceeded.

"Now, boys,"—then he thought of the women delegates and added with a dash—"Girls!" That seemed to catch them all. Floor and gallery became one. Everyone felt good-natured, and the speaker continued to extol the virtues of a calm, able, well-dispositioned man. The cheers that came back fore-shadowed the answer on the fifth ballot.

All during those twelve eventful minutes the orator's mind could not rid itself of the red necktie and the admonition of his newspaper friend: "Talk to the delegates, just as if you were talking to the jury. Submit your case confidently and with faith unafraid."

From that rostrum Frank Willis walked straight into a seat in the Senate. As Senator Willis he fits right into the work of the high office, as he does into everything else that he undertakes. When his big voice rings out in the Senate chamber the glass roof may rattle, but he will talk to the Senators. The newspapermen are now taking to wearing red neckties as signal lights for impressive advice and suggestions when momentous occasions arise.

* * * *

IT was my visiting day in the Senate Office Building, and I just dropped in without reading the little bronze tablets on the door or even inquiring for a number.

How the busy secretaries manage to handle all the mail that pours in almost hourly upon the senators is a problem of business dispatch. Not only letters, but telegrams with more insistent calls, to say nothing of the ever-insistent ringing of the telephone.

The Republican senators have especially enjoyed busy days. There is no likelihood of leisure time until a few of the quarter million possible appointments are disposed of.

* * * *

FROM the fifth district of Mississippi has come to the sixty-seventh Congress a young man of Southern blue-blooded pedigree, who, if he fulfill the promise of the performances thus early to his credit, is destined to figure large in national affairs. Entering college from the public schools at the age of fifteen, a graduate of the University of Kentucky at twenty, and a practitioner of law from the University of Mississippi at twenty-two, Ross A. Collins proved his possession of a brilliant mind in boyhood and youth. His was not a case of "going up like the rocket and coming down like the stick," for at the age of thirty-one he was elected attorney-general of his state over formidable opposition. So well did he perform the duties of that office that he was elected, unopposed, for a second term of four years. This was a signal endorsement of the fulfillment of his campaign pledge to enforce the anti-trust laws of the state. In this work he was successful in breaking up injurious combines operating to the detriment of the public interest.

Congressman Collins, who took his seat on March 4, was born at Collinsville, Lauderdale County, Mississippi, April 25, 1880. A descendant of John B. Collins, a citizen of Lauderdale County before the war, his father was a soldier in the Confederate army, and his mother a daughter of Mark Etheridge of the same county. On November 2, 1904, he married Alfreda Grant, now regent of a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mr. and Mrs. Collins have two children, Jane, aged five, and Melville, one year.

Trying for the governorship in 1919, as his second term of attorney-general was closing, he ran as an independent candidate and made a splendid showing of votes, but the spirit of

partisanship was too strong to be overcome. Returning to his home in Meridian, where his law practice was established, he entered the lists for Congress in 1920, overthrowing the sitting member, W. W. Venable, together with another rival, by a substantial majority in one of the hottest contests ever fought in the fifth district.

* * *

FOR barrenness of egotism, commend us to Anderson Howel Walters, the Congressman-at-large for Pennsylvania. If he possesses any self-love, he is certainly a tightwad as to its purveying. Three lines comprise all he says about himself in the Congressional Directory, and he is equally stingy of self-revelation in "Who's Who," though the shorter lines in that *Almanach de Gotha* of Yankeedom make a count of five.

So far as those unimpeachable authorities go, all that anyone outside his personal acquaintanceship and his newspaper subscribers will ever know about Congressman Walters is what is intimated above, together with the bald facts that he is editor and publisher of the *Johnstown Tribune*, that he married Jessie Octavia Woodruff, was elected to the sixty-third, sixty-sixth, and sixty-seventh Congresses, and that his home is at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

* * *

TO hold the highest elective office and the highest selective office in the United States is a marvelous record for one man. It has never before happened. It is the more remarkable when the man himself says that the second, not the first, office has always been the dream of his hopes. Almost every American boy, awake and asleep, thinks about what he will do when President, but probably few waken, even from green apple nightmares, clutching the pillow for the wool sack.

William Howard Taft, former President of the United States, was in Montreal on an evening in June, 1921, when informed that his appointment and confirmation as Chief Justice of the United States had taken place that day. His comment was characteristic:

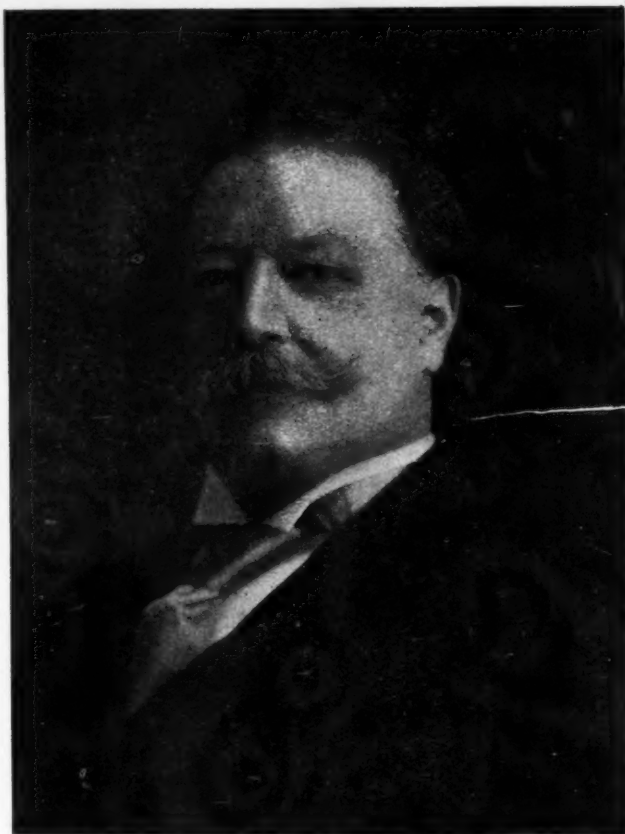
"It has been the ambition of my life to be Chief Justice, but now that it is gratified, I tremble to think whether I can worthily fill the position and be useful to the country."

His modesty is part of his bigness. It is safe to say his trembling is solitary, for the people of the United States can have no tremors over his ability to honor the position. Mr. Taft is massive in physique, and his good nature is large in proportion. Few public men have an aura of geniality as pervasive as this huge type of American citizenship radiates. His confessed life ambition bespeaks the judicial mind that his record has attested.

Chief Justice Taft is sixty-four years of age, having been born in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 15, 1857. Although he has lost weight since leaving the Presidency, he enjoys good health. Many who have grown to fame did not show brilliancy in youth, but Mr. Taft's collegiate standing indicated a particularly bright, or else a markedly studious cast of mentality.

Since his admission to the bar at the age of twenty-three, Chief Justice Taft has occupied many high stations. He has been almost continuously in public service. In the forty-one years of this period he practiced law privately only about four years. The bench to him is like a birthright. His father gave up a judgeship in Ohio to become Attorney General of the United States, and his grandfather was a judge in Vermont. Two judgeships have been held by himself, as the following list of his official positions until now shows:

He was assistant prosecutor and assistant solicitor for Hamilton County, Ohio; judge of the Superior Court, Cincinnati; Solicitor-General of the United States; United States Circuit Judge; president of the Philippine Commission; first civil governor of the Philippine Islands; President Roosevelt's commissioner to Rome to confer with the Pope on the Philippine friar lands purchase; Secretary of War; envoy to Cuba to



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Recently appointed by the President as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States

adjust an insurrection there; provisional governor of Cuba; appointed by President Roosevelt to visit Panama, Cuba and Porto Rico to take up various matters, afterward visiting Japan and the Philippines and returning home by way of Russia; President of the United States March 4, 1909–March 4, 1913; member and co-chairman of the National War Labor Board.

As a private citizen his distinctions have been many, as the following catalogue shows:

Law reporter for Cincinnati papers; professor and dean of the law department, University of Cincinnati; Kent professor at Yale University, April 1, 1913, returning in 1919 after a year's leave of absence for war activities; president American National Red Cross, 1906–13; president American Bar Association, 1913; president American Academy of Jurisprudence, 1914; president of League to Enforce Peace; arbitrator to settle a great railway dispute in Canada. He is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Science. One volume bears his name as author. It contains eight Yale lectures and two addresses before the American Bar Association.

As Chief Justice he hails from Connecticut, having made his home at New Haven during his connection with Yale. That state, as well as his native Ohio, may therefore pridefully claim America's highest jurist as its own.

* * *

IT was a tribute worthy of the man; the theme and the times! When President Harding turned from his manuscript while making an address and said, "If I only had the wisdom of Senator Root, with my patience, I might expect to do great things!"

The speech at the luncheon held at the Hotel Astor in New York, given the President by the Society of Advancement of Political Science, may go down in history, but this tribute will never be forgotten by those present.

The public service of Elihu Root as Secretary of War under



HON. ELIHU ROOT

McKinley, and Secretary of State under the Taft administration, and United States Senator from the Empire State, has touched more angles of national life than is usually accorded any one man. The service he has rendered since retiring from office is quite as important as when the official stamp was behind his every act. His loyal interest to the people is not dimming, but rather augmenting with advancing years.

When Senator Root gives utterance to words, they are words that express a thought. All of his gestures, forceful and in tone with his commanding self, compel your instant admiration. His very pauses drive home the impressiveness of the situation in a way no one can conceive, if he be not present. They are more eloquent than words even!

His utterances are ideas haloed with ideals. It has oft been said of him he has a master mind unparalleled, envied and admired by admirers and staunchly supported by those who know him. He has a way about him that makes his natural claim of participation in all mammoth world-interest affairs a settled, undisputed fact.

When President Harding alluded to Senator Root, the banquet hall sounded and resounded with enthusiastic applause. They lauded him, not because it was the thing that was expected of them, or because plaudits were program mannerisms, but purely because they loved the man and appraised the value of the wisdom typified in Elihu Root.

His appeal is for "public opinion—safe and sound." Anywhere and everywhere you will hear it from him. His conclusions of today as regards progress of a "better government" are the result of years of keen observation, a vast mental storage house of memories and sound courage of his convictions.

These dominant factors, assimilated to give to the world for world use, award him the final right to say that "If public opinion is right, our government will be right!"

JULY 8 the President and Mrs. Harding, without any celebration, observed the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage. Thirty years ago they were joined for life at Marion, in the very house from which the "front porch" campaign last year was conducted. George B. Christian, now the President's secretary, on that occasion acted as chief usher. Replying to congratulations of the newspaper correspondents, when he received them on this anniversary, Mr. Harding said he remembered the time when he thought that anyone married thirty years must be hopelessly old and antiquated, but he admitted that now he did not feel the same way about it. Nobody who knows President and Mrs. Harding think of them in terms of the "sere and yellow leaf."

* * * *

BEFORE two weeks of July had passed the country was promised that the present session of Congress would enact some kind of tax legislation. What kind nobody could say, except that the excess profits tax must go. Almost any kind of taxation revision would be better than none, for the slowness of business in "getting back to normal" is largely due to the suspense regarding tariff and taxes under which trade and industry are being held. Business men simply cannot calculate prices and profits, nor form plans of production or publicity, without knowing what import duties and federal taxes are going to be. Hence, until these factors are established, production and sales must be checked where they are not halted. Other than the excess profits tax, for abolishing which public opinion seems to be unanimous, the kinds of internal taxes to be levied—barring the obviously unjust—really do not matter. They will be paid by the consumer. Whether on necessities or luxuries, upon whatever things they are laid, the taxes will be paid by the people of the United States—by you and me.

President Harding has given assurance that tax revision at the present session will be accomplished. Meantime the people are shouting, "Bring on your taxes." It is a case where nothing is worse than doing nothing.

The very day the foregoing was written President Harding told the Senate that to add a billion or more to our running expenses would mean a burden of taxation that even the soldiers themselves would find disagreeable enough, while as for the sick and disabled, "this menacing effort to expend billions in gratuities will imperil our capacity to discharge our first obligations to those we must not fail to aid."

* * * *

GENERAL DAWES is reported to have said with regard to his appointment as director of the budget, "I am accepting the position of director of the budget only with the idea that the patriotism of bureau chiefs and the country as a whole can be so aroused in this emergency that it will be met as was the emergency of war four years ago."

To the "grave and reverend seignors" of the Senate investigating war expenditures General Charles G. Dawes had addressed these sizzling remarks:

"If you men would spend more time trying to stem the millions of waste going on under your noses we would have a hell of a lot better government."

"Let the new President come out with a definite plan for business government. He is the only man who can bring about better co-ordination between government departments. He can do it only by wielding the meat ax on their damned heads. Unless Harding does it in the first six months of his administration the administration will be a failure."

President Harding promptly responded. Having urged through Congress the budget bill, which provides for control of expenditures by one man, he asked General Dawes to be that man and wield the meat ax. I agree with the *Chicago Evening American* in holding that the President was not calling a bluff but that General Dawes "was chosen" (Continued on page 156)

The "Little Congress" of the United States

ENTER the Little Congress! That is, the second Little Congress, First Session, for the "junior organization" has laid aside its swaddling clothes and is now a permanent institution of the National Capital, a vigorous, strong body, and growing in numbers daily.

It was in December, 1919—that Kenneth Romney, cashier in the sergeant-at-arms office of the House of Representatives, had an idea. In substance it was this: "The clerks and secretaries to the congressmen and senators are the wheels of the great national body. Lost in detail of office duties, they are unknown, except, perhaps, for the ideas expressed occasionally through their employers. Fraternity they know not in their detailed duties; ability they have, but it is not expressed. Surely they can speak and think and debate; certainly they have ideas on legislation which are helpful. Let us get together, express ourselves, gain collectively, fit ourselves for the future. Let us learn the rudiments of parliamentary law, public speaking and political maneuvering."

Romney moved fast with the idea. He talked to Ned Baldwin, clerk to the Public Lands Committee; to Harry Sandager, secretary to Congressman Stiness of Rhode Island, and to J. M. Barker, secretary to Congressman Rucker of Missouri. They got together. The unanimous verdict was: "Let's go!"

Speaker Gillett was appealed to, and the use of the Caucus Room in the House Office Building was obtained. On December 19, 1919, the four "conspirators" augmented by four "confederates" formally organized the Little Congress of the United States of America.

From that beginning the body has grown to a debating society of more than one hundred members with an average attendance of fifty when the Little Congress meets each Saturday night during the sessions of Congress.

The striking thing about this body is that it has grown on its merits alone.

No dues are charged, no assessments made. The real membership requirements are attendance; willingness to "get the spirit" of the movement and to serve when elected to office.

The rules of the House of Representatives, with certain necessary modifications, are the rules of the Little Congress by its Constitution. Debate and procedure, except for the reading of bills and resolutions, are the same. Officers rotate every two months and consist of a Speaker, Clerk and Sergeant-at-Arms. Chairmen of committees are elected for a session.

Bills are introduced, referred to a committee on Order of Business, reported out and debated. Those assigned to debate must take the topic given them, though their views differ, although it is the policy to assign men whose views coincide with the topics. Then comes the five minute rule, a general discussion and the vote.

It is singular that the action of the Little Congress with respect to important legislation generally premeditates by days or weeks the final disposition of similar legislation by the Senate and House.

Not all of the activity of the Little Congress, however, is serious. Humor runs rampant at times and nothing escapes the vigilant eyes and ears of these diligent wits. Party lines were followed for a time, but the difficulty of obtaining enough Democrats to force a close vote and the inability of the floor leaders to keep the "insurgents" together, the latter often forcing humorous parliamentary situations, caused the plan to be abandoned. Now each member votes as his "conscience" dictates.

Nothing, perhaps, was quite so humorous as the efforts of George Strong, whose father represents a Kansas district in



Banquet of the "Little Congress"

Congress, to aid the Democrats by being one himself for the purposes of the Little Congress. Always, in the course of the debate, would arise the figure of Chas. Lewis of Iowa, known as the official "questionnaire" (both incidentally were original members) with the question: "Does the gentleman express those as his personal views?" And back came the same answer: "The gentleman is not fair; he is trying to becloud the issue."

Or, there are the Fess boys, Lowell and Lehr, who have never been known to vote the same except once. On that

occasion a roll-call was interrupted for twenty minutes while the Little Congress applauded. Lehr, who is the parliamentarian of the House of Representatives is quiet and somewhat retiring, while Lowell, whose hair is auburn in hue, and who is secretary to his father, Congressman Fess of Ohio, may always be counted upon to "make a noise" at the proper time in a fiery, convincing manner.

Dan Spellman of Ohio and Warren S. Patton of Massachusetts, lead the "radical" group and promote discussion by injecting radical views. Patton says that as secretary to Congressman Dallinger he absorbed so much Victor Berger trial that he naturally became a "Bolshevist," while Spellman vows and declares he obtained his ideas from "soap box" orators. These views, however, are assumed, and are only for the purposes of the Little Congress.

There enters also into these discussions, Clayton F. Moore, son of Mayor J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia. Moore early was looked upon as the "humorist" of the Little Congress, because of his ability to turn the debate to lighter topics when, in his opinion, it was becoming too serious. But Moore, acting as Clerk, showed that there was considerable ability in his make-up, for he standardized the records of the Little Congress and perpetuated the Romney idea for all time.

Then, too, there is John C. Blackall, of Connecticut, whose Irish wit and humor always enlivens an evening's debate. John has an answer for everything and everybody gets a laugh whether that answer is direct or in the form of a question.

Baldwin, who was the first speaker, was the "principle cause" of the existing Constitution and having "Constitution-alitis" as someone dubbed it, is on his feet at nearly every meeting to defend that document. Sandager, his close friend, generally aids in the "attack" and when the debate waxes hot, Barker, beloved by all, comes forth as the conciliator to smooth over the turbulent waters. It is ever thus with Barker in all debates.

Talent, as they say with respect to the field of entertainment, reigns supreme. The Little Congress numbers among its members the "best in Washington." For instance, Thames of South Carolina was the prize-winning individual debater of Georgetown University in 1920. Hunnicut of Georgia and Bourg of Louisiana, were members of Georgetown's prize-winning debating team.

Melvin D. Hildreth of North Dakota, an orator of no mean

capacity, was one of the spell-binders of the Democratic National Committee in the last campaign.

C. F. Brickner, of the same state, put up a hard, but losing fight for State's Attorney in North Dakota.

Sandager was Secretary of the Rhode Island Speaker's Bureau and took the stump in behalf of Harding.

John Beyers, Secretary to Congressman McKenzie of Illinois, went a step farther than any of the others, and was elected to the Illinois Legislature last November. John vowed and declared that it was the year's training he obtained in the Little Congress that gave him the confidence and ability to "face the people" and get away with it. However, big things are predicted for Beyers and the Little Congress expects to see him sitting in the "big" Congress before many years have passed.

William Tyler Page, Clerk of the House of Representatives, and author of "The Americans Creed," himself a campaigner of no mean ability is also a member.

The Little Congress includes in its membership former clerks now either representatives in Congress or members of the Senate. Among them are: Senators William J. Harris, of Georgia, Morris Sheppard of Texas, and Representatives, Burroughs, New Hampshire; Crisp, Georgia; Lanham, Texas; Lufkin, Massachusetts; Mead, New York; Smith, Idaho and White of Maine.

As a promotor of good-fellowship, right-thinking, mind-moulding and self-confidence, the Little Congress has proved its worth in its first year's trial, and the proponents of the body predict big things for it in the coming period of reconstruction. Certain it is that the Little Congress is now a permanent institution, and from its membership will step forth many of our future legislators, trained to parliamentary procedure and able to know and understand the constituents they represent.

Since the Little Congress rotates its officers every two months, five members have held the speakership. They are, Edward D. Baldwin of Oregon; Lehr Fess, Ohio; Kenneth D. Romney, Montana; Howard Sedgwick, Ohio, and J. M. Barker, Missouri. The Clerks have been Harry Sandager, Rhode Island; Clair A. Brickner, North Dakota; Clayton F. Moore, Pennsylvania; Clarence J. Bourg, Louisiana; Harold D. McCoy, Wisconsin and Adolph E. Giere, Minnesota. The position of Sergeant-at-Arms was held by J. M. Barker, Missouri; Harold Allen, Washington; Lowell Fess, Ohio; McCoy, Wisconsin, and Robert Nagle, Kansas.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

Continued from page 154

because he is a direct man of action and can be relied upon to carve out the work he is assigned to do."

Also I endorse the same paper's sentiment that "the selection of a practical banker and hard-headed business man to organize the American government's financial affairs is indeed a happy augury of a new day in American politics."

IN the first week in July it had become evident that the soldier bonus bill was going to be recommitted in the Senate, which means its indefinite postponement for the extra session. Secretary Mellon had insisted that such legislation is inadvisable at the present time in view of the condition of the treasury. The best friends of the "boys" believe that the bonus will do them little good. Few of them but would spend the money right out of hand and have not much to show for it. The distribution of billions of bonus dollars would cause inflation only second in degree to that the actual fighting expenditures created, which means a relapse of the country to high prices that would hit the discharged soldiers as hard as it would everybody else, and all hope for reduction of taxes in this generation would die. What the country demands, should not be delayed another day, however, is adequate provision for

taking care of the disabled heroes. No economic reason can weigh against this duty.

NEARLY two thousand veterans from hospitals around Washington were entertained at a garden party upon the south lawn of the White House on a lovely June afternoon. Nothing that President and Mrs. Harding have done, or may do, in hospitality, should make them more beloved than this exhibition of tender feelings toward America's disabled heroes.

Some pushed in chairs, others led in file, to the music of the Marine Band, the column passed in review before the host and hostess. Everyone of them was greeted personally by the first citizen and his spouse. Can any other scene be imagined where President and Mrs. Harding could more tellingly and touchingly echo the heartbeats of the whole people?

When the long procession had passed in pathetic array the distinguished pair mingled with the crowd, bestowing smiles and words of cheer right and left. To the groups of blinded men the President gave particular attention. One was met who had lost both hands in addition to his eyesight, yet who bravely smiled when encouraged by kindly talk. "The President patted him on the back," a newspaper said.

Covers a big "assignment"

Live Mayor of a Live City

Despite tradition, the birthplace of Poor Richard's Almanac and the "Saturday Evening Post" is not so slow after all

By EDWARD ROBINS

THE city editor of a great newspaper once said that "to be a good reporter one needed three things—brains, honesty of purpose and enthusiastic energy." When J. Hampton Moore, now mayor of Philadelphia, began his career as a very young reporter on the staff of the *Public Ledger* in Philadelphia (during the proprietorship of George W. Childs) he had "brains, honesty of purpose and enthusiastic energy," and with these as his assets in the battle of life he had made his way to the position which he now holds. If to these qualities are added force and independence, it is not hard to explain the hidden springs of Mayor Moore's success. As a veteran in journalism, who was one of his fellow-reporters, has written of him: "He was a force on the *Ledger* from the very first week he came on the local staff; he had an incisive way of getting at the pith of an assignment, and he worked, worked, often when others fell down on their jobs, or evaded responsibility, or tried to take things easily. The result was that he was soon put in charge of all the labor reporting of the paper, and the vast amount of experience he thus gained, including a fine, penetrating insight into the varying claims of Labor and Capital, has stood him in good stead during all his active civic life."

Work! That is one of the great lessons of J. Hampton Moore's life, and never was the lesson more useful than now, when there is a tendency, in many quarters, to do as little work as possible, and to get out of life as much pleasure as may be squeezed into idle hours. The Mayor of Philadelphia works as hard at his desk in City Hall as he ever did, in another way, as editor or reporter, and it is safe to assert that he keeps longer hours than almost all of the army of city employees. And yet many of these employees work long and well, despite the fact that a city position is usually supposed to mean short hours, large pay, and nothing to do. No; Mayor Moore never did belong to the "time-servers" who always have their eyes on the clock, or their ears tuned to the "good-night" factory whistle.

The characteristics which young Moore displayed in the newspaper field, combined with natural good health and remarkable power of physical endurance, have carried him up to his present level. In his former positions as secretary to one of the mayors, and in other executive posts, or as City Treasurer, or as a Congressman, or in his present duties today as Mayor and as president of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, Hampton Moore has been much the same typical American (except for his gradual growth in human experience and the knowledge of men) as the pale, thin youth who crossed the ferry one day from his home in New Jersey to try his hand as a "cub" reporter for George W. Childs. There was another young man once upon a time who also landed near Market Street wharf and wondered what Philadelphia would mean for him—Benjamin Franklin.

All of which goes to prove that Philadelphia is not anything like as slow as New Yorkers would have one believe.

In his political life—political is here used in the best sense of the word—Mr. Moore has always stood for efficiency of service. He is a firm believer in the theory that public office is a public trust, and he has always advocated that view by act, speech, and pen. It is interesting to note, by the way, that he is equally

fluent as a speaker and writer—a rare combination—and is the author of several books, including "Through the

Tropics" and a "History of the Five O'Clock Club." Some day he should write his "Reminiscences," for he will have an entertaining story to tell. But that day promises to be a long time coming.

At present the Mayor is engaged in the arduous role of giving Philadelphia a clean, honest, businesslike administration and in lending impetus to the plans for the great bridge across the Delaware, for the beautifying of the Parkway and for the Sesquicentennial Exposition of 1926. It looks as if many years must elapse before the Mayor arrives at the reminiscent period. When he does, he should give us a glimpse of the Philadelphia of his boyish days and of Washington as he recalls it during his residence there as a member of the House of Representatives.



J. HAMPTON MOORE

Who is giving the "City of Brotherly Love" a clean, honest, efficient administration as Mayor

Put "Pep" in the Patent Office

Connecticut Congressman advocates increasing the working force and paying living salaries



WHEN a man takes up the tasks of statesmanship under the franchise of his fellow-citizens, after he has passed sixty, two facts are evident. Service to his country must have been his leading motive in accepting the trust, and the people must have recognized that he possessed qualifications eminently fitting him for the duties of a lawmaker. In the example in view the sight of one assuming public burdens at an age when thousands are voluntarily and involuntarily laying them down is inspiring alike to the young, the middle-aged and the elderly. Moreover, it would indicate that Connecticut, where the subject of this sketch during the last forty-four years has been one of its leading business men, has surely an invigorating atmosphere.

Schuyler Merritt was sixty-four years of age when elected as a Republican to the sixty-fifth Congress from the fourth district of Connecticut. This was on November 6, 1917, and Mr. Merritt was re-elected at the succeeding two general elections. In the last Congress he was a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, for which he was abundantly qualified from his experience as a manufacturer, mine owner, and banker.

Mr. Merritt, in the sixty-sixth Congress, gave a striking example of the convincing power in parliamentary debate which comes from exact knowledge and clear demonstration. This was in his speeches, nine months apart, advocating the passage of a bill to increase the force and salaries in the Patent Office. Not even the father of the measure, Mr. Nolan of California, chairman of the committee on patents, made its merits plainer to the House than did Mr. Merritt. Indeed, he resented an insinuation against the motives of Mr. Nolan with such telling effect as to leave no necessity for that gentleman to defend himself.

In his first speech on the bill, on March 5, Mr. Merritt pointed out that the demand for reorganization and increase of salaries did not originate with the Patent Office employees, but came from the great manufacturing and other industries of the country. The fundamental basis of the bill, he maintained, was nothing more than the simple desire of inventors and manufacturers for better service in their interest and for the economy and efficiency of the whole business structure of the United States.

This argument was repeated by Mr. Merritt on December 14, when he opposed concurrence in Senate amendments reducing the salaries as adopted by the House. Referring to a taunt by an opponent of the measure to the effect that Mr. Nolan fathered the bill as a labor union man, Mr. Merritt declared that patentees in this country, most of them poor men, have paid fees which have more than repaid the expenses of the Patent Office and returned a large surplus to the treasury. He said the number of employees were never adequate to keep up with the current business, which was always some months—and, in some important divisions, sometimes more than a year behind—resulting in great damage, sometimes irreparable injury, to patentees and applicants for patents. In his view, the salaries contemplated in the bill were not extravagant, but only necessary to get good men in the Patent Office. Examiners who go out from there, he said, are always employed



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HON. SCHUYLER MERRITT

Member of Congress from Connecticut, and a well-known banker and business man in the Nutmeg State

by the great manufacturers, and in private employment their pay is known to be several times the salary they received from the government.

"Applause" is recorded as following his remarks, and the motion to concur in the Senate amendments was defeated, 212 to 54. In joint conference committee, this action was sustained.

Mr. Merritt, on February 16 this year, opposed a bill that he deemed to involve setting up a patent bureau in the Federal Trade Commission. On this occasion the chairman of the committee on patents was not with him and the measure passed the House, but was afterwards beaten in the Senate.

Born in New York City on December 16, 1853, Mr. Merritt prepared for college at a private school in Stamford, Connecticut. From Yale he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1873, and from Columbia that of Bachelor of Laws in 1876. Thus at the age of twenty-three he was ready to tackle life. Starting a year later with the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, he has ever since been connected with manufacturing and banking. Since 1895 he has been the vice-president of that company, and since 1902 president of the Stamford National Bank. He is a director of the Virginia Iron, Coal & Coke Company.

Mr. Merritt was active in politics long before entering the national legislative halls. He was a member of the Connecticut constitutional convention in 1904 and a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1916.

He married Frances Hoyt on October 21, 1879. A vestryman of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Mr. Merritt also belongs to clubs in Stamford, New York, and Washington, evidencing that he is a live man religiously and socially, as well as politically.

"Annabel Lee" and the Parent-Teacher Associations



WITH the drawing to a close of the season's legitimate playhouses on and near Broadway, New York's pleasure-seekers are more than ever dependent upon motion pictures.

Is it because of this realization that so many producers are indiscriminately releasing films that were far better never made; films that have caused a waste of celluloid and talent, and all of them doing nothing better than to join the miles of others of their kind in antagonizing certain associations that stand for the betterment of communities? The release of these films absolutely hastens petitions to the courts on the part of such associations. Invariably a more rigid move for movie censorship is the result.

Are the movie producers put to it, so to speak, as to what can be produced, and how quickly, to meet the ever-increasing demand of the picture-play house?

New York papers have been full of stories of a promised house-cleaning in filmdom. Papers in adjacent states taking up the cry, the people have got into action.

The *Boston Post* carried a story of a man known the country over for making dreams come true, who had jumped into action and practically produced overnight a picture which is of the kind that will revolutionize the picture world and receive the undoubted endorsement of every motion picture censorship from coast to coast. In part, the story read:

So, I am persuaded, after the perusal of this, that Massachusetts has started the ball rolling through the Parent-Teacher Associations. Forthwith I took an early train out of New York to learn what it was all about.

And this is what I found:

The people at Wakefield, Massachusetts, took action.

Mr. William D. Hunt, president of the Lincoln School Parent-Teacher Association, of Wakefield, thought it out while serving on a jury. In conversation with another member of the jury, it was remarked by Mr. Hunt that a great many of the lurid movie tales let loose upon the screen of today were no doubt often, indirectly, responsible for the increase of crime among the young.

Mr. Hunt soon learned of a picture that, even at that very period, had been produced and shown, proving that the people appreciate and welcome pictures of an order which, while intensely entertaining, carried with them a wholesome after effect. It was the same test as that applied to literature that endured. Mr. Hunt believed he had, at last, in the concrete form, a photoplay in "Annabelle Lee," founded on Edgar Allan

Poe's poem, to express to the members of the Parent-Teacher Association what was needed in the way of better community co-operation.

The film was finally engaged by the Parent-Teacher Association, and announcement of its exhibition made in Wakefield, Massachusetts. Tickets were sold rapidly, and the box office revealed that wholesome pictures are necessary to wholesome community life. At the showing the hall was crowded, and the audiences of two evenings for adults and two matinees for school children cheered, laughed, and were thrilled with a photoplay that left an impression for good.

The outcome of it all was that this picture, shown in behalf of community betterment, resulted in a resolution adopted by the Lincoln School Parent-Teacher Association, which is as follows:

Resolved, By the School Committee of Wakefield:

Whereas, Education through motion pictures is of vital importance to the children of today; and

Whereas, Films have been recently shown in theaters which give false ideas of life and may be injurious to the morals of boys and girls;

Be it resolved, That we, the School Committee of Wakefield, in the interest of the morals and well being of our boys and girls, protest against the production and presentation of any immoral and sensational or suggestive films, and respectfully request a most careful selection of motion pictures.

With "Annabel Lee" so heartily endorsed, I sought Joe Mitchell Chapple, the producer. He was grateful and delighted over the way his efforts to produce motion pictures of a standard type were being received. A flood of letters overran his big desk. Letters of commendation and a cry for more, more—from the children in scrawling notes.

At the exhibition of "Annabel Lee" in Wakefield, prizes were awarded for the best answers to questions concerning the picture. The answers received attest the interest of the participants in the contest, some of which are here quoted.

Wakefield comment on "Annabel Lee" was universal. From a small lad of eleven came these impressions:

"I like Annabel Lee because (1) she was obedient. (2) She tried to make everyone as happy as she was. (3) When her lover was wounded, she took his mother to her house."

A parent expresses the following sentiments in regard to the photoplay:

"A sweet, clean, wholesome picture of sufficient interest to hold an audience educated to 'thrills.' A play depicting the character of a girl such as one could wish his or her own daughter to be; the picture emphasizes the great true loves, the loves of



WILLIAM D. HUNT
President of the Lincoln School Parent-Teacher Association of Wakefield, Massachusetts

children for their parents, of man for woman and the love for little children. The entire tone of the picture is elevating, and leaves behind sweet memories."

And another mother:

"I welcome a chance to express my opinion where it may have a bit of weight. When moving pictures have been developed to such a degree of charm and interest, why need the scenes be such that the hot blood floods our faces; the faces of our children who happen to be witnesses also! When a child tells you 'These pictures must be all right—I saw them with mother!' we can accept with perfect integrity that they are all right."

"We can only guess the immoral tendencies and thoughts our children absorb when they attend pictures we do not see; for it is practically impossible to tell anything from the title, just how the subject is developed. Of course these blind titles are intentional; they offset those which are frankly suggestive. It is time a halt was called and the trend of the picture show changed for the better."

From a quasi-serious interested observer, Miss Pauline Taft, we read the following lines of private opinion:

"'Annabel Lee' is a picture decidedly worth taking time to see. The scenic beauty of Cape Cod is fixed definitely in the spectator's mind, as well as Poe's poem. Company of players well selected. Heroine appears like normal girl. Love interest well sustained. Scene with children of the town, very human. Different moods of the ocean as pictured, accord with varied human moods. Mr. Chapple should receive grateful appreciation for this good work."

Mr. Chapple was privileged to have been allowed to look over the shoulders of some of Wakefield's movie fans while they were transcribing on paper their composite opinions regarding screen entertainment.

There were five questions to be answered. They read as follows:

1. Do moving pictures of the present day help to lower the standard of the modern girl and boy?

To this a few of the responses were as follows:

1. The large majority of pictures contain some influence which over-stimulates children's minds.

2. A second disciple for "Annabel Lee's" type laments the sameness of picture each week, viz., the sexual photoplay.

3. Emphatically do they lower the standards when they are unclean in plot and action.

4. (Here again, a "pro!") Even though the picture be decent, it may portray results of human emotions and activities which are beyond the comprehension of the child, just as do some of our books.

The second question dealt with the question of preference between comedy-dramas and tragedies.

Unanimously was the comedy-drama selected as best choice.

A third read, "What makes you like or dislike a picture?"

To this one high school pupil answered:

1. I like a picture containing real human interest which is not overdrawn. Serial plays annoy me, as the situations are usually full of lurid excitement.

2. (Grade 8 adds a diversified interest with his opinion.) The foolishness in rough comedy and the great sickness in foolish love-making make me disgusted with a picture. (All of which is quite easy of interpretation and comprehension.)

3. I like the picture that seems probable. Good acting, not overdone, may make a picture seem real, which afterward, away from the sequence of events portrayed, one may know to be impossible.

4. I dislike a picture that caters to the lower instincts.

The fourth question had to do with the picture that had made the greatest impression upon the minds of these fans. Some selected Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," others, "Annabel Lee."

The last query left them deciding what picture of the series of "Heart Throbs" pictures they would next prefer to see.

Preferences on this point straggled widely. A few wanted "Lorna Doone" wound up in a machine, while others selected "Old Kentucky Home." The younger generation, of course, went in strong for "Darius Green in His Flying Machine" and "The Barefoot Boy."

We cite these trophies in writing simply to emphasize all the more the importance of "standard movies." No one-man literary criticism on this subject would probably carry as much weight with genuinely interested readers as do these various and assorted opinions Mr. Chapple has received from those who have witnessed the story of "Annabel Lee" from Wakefield to Broadway.

Another young college girl writes:

"'Annabel' isn't the type of movie-girl that will make strong men weep. She is no ogling, jellied, black-beaded vamp—just an American girl; we might perhaps more truthfully say, 'America's girl.' Her smiles and tears may or may not move a bored audience, but her straightforward, unaffected style of 'doing her bit' will gain from you ungrudging applause and admiration."

"You would hate to admit to yourself or to your neighbor that you have to depend upon the 'eternal triangle—the sex mix-up type of picture to interest you. And yet that is what is happening to movie fans the wide world over. Producers in New York, in Hollywood, in fact all over the world today are going one better, to beat rival producers."

"One week you will see a particularly heavy sex picture fraught with sexual intricacies, dappled with compromises, insinuations, sensualities. Next week, while the people are still confused in mind as to the propriety of being seen at a show of this sort, a more intense photo play is screened. Thus, while no murmur disturbs the serenity of producers, a repertoire of filmdom is established, which, if shamefully despicable to the adult, is doubly so to children."

"People lament, clamor for, and protest over the present-day situation of movies. They wring their hands melodramatically, probably even take the trouble to distribute 'anti-sexual picture leaflets' and then—attend them! That is why certain modern patriarchs feel so sure of speaking a truth when they predict an imminent 'screen revolution.' Because no leadership is established in this campaign, deplorable situations remain deplorable. If some Trotzky or Lincoln or other 'radical' were to rise up and get stoned for preaching 'cleaner movies the world throughout,' the people would rapidly begin to accumulate their scattered senses and champion the cause. We cannot and never will have 'cleaner movies' until people shout their protests abroad, instead of keeping their opinions caged and sealed in the innermost recesses of their souls."

"Just as soon as someone starts this sort of clamor, he is going to attract a following. That following will eventually reach the root of the trouble, and a change of matinee and evening performance pictures will be produced. That deep-rooted, inborn, inherent feeling within us to want always to mingle with the victorious angels, is the thing that keeps our hands tied, and our mouths closed. We are, literally, cowards at heart—all of us, with no inclination to take a new stand, unchosen. We are blinded by the old and moth-eaten motto that 'In unity is strength.' Well, we can never establish unity until one unit assembles his disciples. Accordingly, we will never gather strength until the attending populace is made receptive, responsive. Think it over!"

"'Annabel Lee' is the type of picture that, coming at this time, invokes comment, pro and con. People do not find in it that artificial stimulus which is excited in the producing of a 'sex picture,' and they are, accordingly, only mild in their sympathies with regard to it. The entire setting of this picture revolves around the simplest, yet the most lifelike and divine love affair between a girl and a boy. That phase of it is essential for good picture-making. Whether the modern movie fans deem the heavy sex plot irrelevant in magnetizing an audience is left entirely to them."

An Outstanding Figure in American Journalism

**Fearless editor of the Providence "Journal,"
champion of the right and a crusader for justice**

FOR fifteen years John Revelstoke Rathom has presided over the destinies of the Providence *Journal*. During that time he has built up a newspaper, which, for its circulation and the size of the city in which it is published, is unrivalled in its power and influence. Rathom came from the wild and woolly West after sixteen years of intensive newspaper training on the Portland *Oregonian*, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and the old Chicago *Herald*, to take up the tangled threads and meet a situation with many handicaps.

Born in Australia, with a newspaper training of the old-fashioned sort, that knows no fear, he soon had brought order out of chaos and began creating a real newspaper.

It was the genius of John Rathom that uncovered the German plots, and whose pitiless publicity had more to do with bringing the United States to a realization of the real situation than, perhaps, the work of any other one man.

While the inhabitants of little "Rhody" read the Providence *Journal* more faithfully than their Bibles, and seem to believe it as thoroughly, the boundaries of its influence extend far beyond New England—or even the nation itself.

John Revelstoke Rathom is as big and broad mentally as he is physically. When he hits the desk to indicate that a point has been made, it reflects the force of character. He first saw the light of day in Australia, and, as one of his friends has facetiously remarked in a verse written on the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of his connection with the Providence *Journal*, "he passed his happy childhood with the playful kangaroo, and learned to cast the boomerang where gaudy parrots flew." He also related that:

"John Revelstoke of Rathom—
He sailed the Eastern seas,
And learned to swear in Sanskrit,
And to pray in Pekinese."

The romance related in the six verses also recalls the fact that he has a figure like Taft and features like Bryan. The classic bit of verse ends with a pastoral scene on the farm on Moose Neck Hill, where he cultivates beans.

Mr. Rathom is a conspicuous figure at national conventions. He is a philosopher as well as a champion and crusader for what he believes to be right and just. The one element in his work that inspires admiration from every one is his fearless courage. He has lived a newspaper career that has touched nearly all the activities of life. It is no wonder, then, that his friend, Walter F. Angell, should on the occasion of the dinner given him on the completion of his fifteenth year with the Providence *Journal* have expressed his appreciation in verse that is appropriate and suffused with the atmosphere of New England and Rhode Island. Indeed, his newspaper work has been that of a warrior. Mr. Rathom is a member of the Board of Directors of the Associated Press, and also a member of the executive committee of that great organization.

The Providence *Journal* building is in itself one of the most complete newspaper equipments in the country. The great sub-basement is built like a ship, the presses being twenty-six

feet under tide-water. Every known device for facilitating the production of a newspaper is enclosed within the four walls. His editorial desk and private sanctum contain the evidence of his contact with the great personalities of his time, for he insists that in the last analysis it comes down to a question of people.

At the birthday party given him in Providence last month there were only fifteen candles, commemorating his years of service with the *Journal*, but everybody, in the happiness of the moment, saw the real years of his active and useful life, for ever since he first drew his pencil, as a newspaper crusader, like the sword of a cavalier of old in defense of justice, he has lived up to the highest ideals. No wonder Providence loves big John Rathom. If there is one person who personifies patriotism that rings true to the core, it is this same big man now basking in the sunlight of fifty years, who has imbued his American citizenship with the highest ideals.

There is a sort of kinship between the people of Australia and of the United States, and many of us do not realize that Australia is a larger country, in territory, than the United States of America. In many of the advanced ideas of government she has led the way, for did we not inherit the Australian ballot from the little continent on the South Pacific?

All hail to John Revelstoke Rathom! May his future years continue to be as useful and eventful in the cause of his country as they have in the past!

The history of Rhode Island, reaching back to the earliest days, as contained in the files of the Providence *Journal*, is a stirring romance, giving the story of the evolution of American citizenship. It was on that paper that the father of the present president of Yale, Dr. James B.

LOTS wife looked back and became a pillar of salt. From all our reading we have not learned that this saline monument to covetous regretfulness has withstood the rains of the ages. Yet there is too much reason for believing that, to a lamentable extent down to the present day, the warning example made of Mrs. Lot has gone unheeded. The backlookers are today making a deal of trouble in the United States.

Americanization of aliens here cannot well be carried on until this harking back of foreigners to the fleshpots and stinkpots of the countries whence they came is stopped. This proposition



JOHN REVELSTOKE RATHOM

Angell, who was the revered and honored president of the University of Michigan, served as editor throughout the entire period of the Civil War.

It was also on the Providence *Journal* that John Hay did his newspaper work during his student days at Brown. The traditions of this newspaper, reaching far back into colonial times, have been most happily conserved and preserved during the aggressive administration of John Rathom, an editor who edits a newspaper; a man who knows news; and a champion of right, with courage colossal.

And now let us add more power to the big, jolly fellow who wields the sceptre in the Providence *Journal* sanctum!

could not be put more neatly than it has been by the New York *Tribune* in the following squib:

"So long as the Jews look back to Moses and forward to the New Zion, so long as the Italians look back to Italy and forward to a little house and vine on a Calabrian hillside, so long as the Irish look back to Erin and forward to the creation of an earthly paradise known as the Irish republic, so long as the Germans look back to the land of Goethe and forward to a triumphant fatherland, just so long will these people fail to be Americans."

The Springfield Municipal Group

An American Painter's superb etching of this notable civic center of an American city now graces the walls of the Paris Salon

NOT any other city in the United States has a municipal group, or civic center, which possesses more artistic grace and inspiring dignity than Springfield, Massachusetts. Nay, even the world may be explored without finding a finer example of public architecture. The two main edifices are pure Grecian models, and the campanile suggests the monumental shafts of Europe, some of which were ruthlessly destroyed by the Germans.

The Springfield Municipal Group is the subject of an etching by an American artist, which now graces the walls of the Paris Salon. To describe it here we cannot do better than to quote from a critical notice of the work of art, written, at the request of the Salon jury, by Monsieur Maurice Moule, chief of the Bureau of Acquisitions for the National Museums of France, one or two slight changes being made from the literal translation:

"Two Corinthian temples, the large spread of which seems to be an integral part of nature's soil, raise proudly their facades. Constructed side by side, their fronts joined by a spacious terrace, in the center of which springs, with a dizzy hardness, and slender as an obelisk, a sky-piercing tower. This shaft seems to symbolize the effort of human thought toward a higher ideal."

To which may be added the details of a clock dial close under an ornate capital, and above the latter a miniature temple supporting a storied cupola, topped with spire, ball and staff. Sculptured vases with plants adorn the balustrades enclosing the base of the aerial temple. Between

its two stories and at its base the cupola also has railed galleries with upright ornaments. At a third of the distance from the top of the steps to the clock the severity of the tower front is relieved by a balcony with doorway, in line with the pediments, of the main facades, and further by a series of slit windows, one below and four above the balcony.

Mr. Louis Orr of Paris has produced this perpetuation, "with elegance of the imposing majesty of the architecture" of the Springfield Municipal Group. The quoted words are Monsieur Moule's. A year ago Mr. Orr was invited to make the etching, which resulted in a contract for a plate twenty-two and one-half by twenty-nine inches, said to be the largest copper plate ever etched. From this plate will be printed fifty first state artist's proofs, each to be signed by the artist and the plate then destroyed. Five of the proofs are to be retained by the convention bureau of the Chamber of Commerce of Springfield for exhibition purposes and the remaining forty-five have been taken by private subscription at \$200 each, thereby financing the undertaking.

Last September Mr. Orr came to Springfield and spent a month in making his preliminary sketches. Returning to Paris in December, he has been working steadily upon the plate, and in May the first proof arrived in Springfield. Before despatching it Mr. Orr was invited to show the etching to the committee of the Beaux Arts, and on the strength of it was given another commission from the French government. At



LOUIS ORR
The American
painter-etcher,
from an etching
by the artist

the solicitation of the Beaux Arts committee, Mr. Orr showed the Springfield etching to the jury of the spring Salon, by whom it was unanimously accepted, and it is now included in this famous exhibit in Paris.

Included in the report of Monsieur Moule is a personal sketch of Mr. Orr, from which the following particulars, along with some of the critic's tributes to the artist, are here abstracted:

"Slender, with a frank and open countenance, cordial manner, eyes sparkling, a bit of accent, much modesty, unlimited kindness, such is the excellent etcher, Louis Orr.

"Born in Hartford, Connecticut, he has resided in Paris for many years and there he was married.

"Louis Orr is first of all conscientious. His needle is spiritual, brilliant and supple; he is an idealist who sees, feels and interprets his subject poetically.

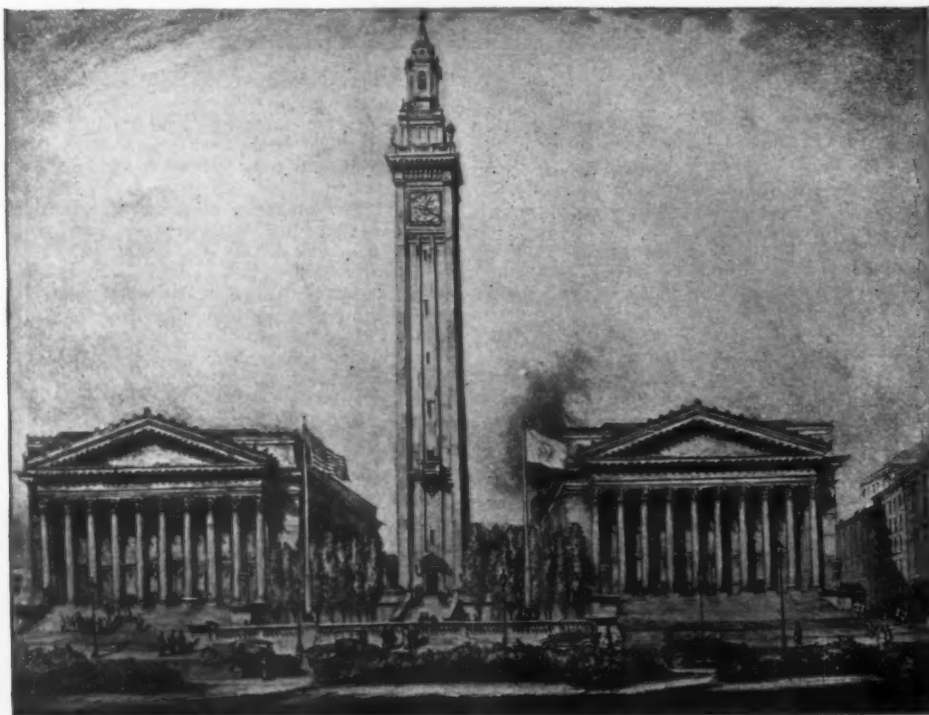
"It is the Pont Neuf, or rather Le Canal de la Monnaie, which put the seal on the reputation of Louis Orr. This plate, acquired by the state during the war, now enriches the treasures of the Louvre Museum." Three "stirring and dramatic aspects" of Rheims cathedral were also produced by Mr. Orr.

"He wished to make a portrait of this superb edifice" (the Springfield Municipal Group) "and he has succeeded. With his habitual precision he has perpetuated, with elegance, the imposing majesty of the architecture."

As to his technique: "He is above all himself, but it is permitted to say that he continues, nobly, the traditions of the American school, and that he recalls the charm of Whistler and the brilliant qualities of John Sargent.

"Today," Monsieur Moule concludes, "we can but wish that the son of free America will remain permanently in Paris."

The Springfield Chamber of Commerce has adopted for a city motto, "An Attractive Convention City," which, with an engraving of its municipal group, appears on its stationery. One of the temples being dedicated as an auditorium and the entire group being one of the prime attractions in any "See America First" itinerary framed with intelligence, Springfield must prove a formidable competitor with all rivals for securing great national or international assemblies. The NATIONAL MAGAZINE Chair will entertain a motion to make Springfield, Massachusetts, the preliminary meeting place of President Harding's Association of Nations.



The Louis Orr etching of the Springfield (Massachusetts) Municipal group now in the Spring Salon, Paris

A Bull Market in Fiddles

In which a couple bulls break loose in the fiddle market. Prices soar, and Uncle Myer hitches his wagon to a "Strad"

By J. BERNARD LYNCH

UNCLE MYER, first aid to the financially afflicted, displayed unwonted interest as he mentally inventoried a customer, while leaning patronizingly across the glass showcase.

That customer was tall, gaunt, emaciated; his hair long and straggly, the chalky color of his face accentuated by bright, sparkling light in big brown eyes. The age advertised by plentiful streaks of gray strands was repudiated by a youthful figure and nervous energy evidenced in every movement.

With apparent effort, he raised a violin case from the floor, and laid it across the counter. Then, after a sigh, he relaxed his grip and, with a gesture of despair, allowed his gaze to travel questioningly toward the pawnbroker.

"Well," asked the keeper, "do you want a loan or is it for sale?"

"A loan," answered the man, wearily. "It's my all, but soul hunger must wait until human need is satisfied."

The pawnbroker, with business-like brusqueness, snapped open the catch and made ready to uncover the offering.

"Pardon me," interposed the man, "this is an instrument of delicate and artistic construction, and must be handled with care. In fact—it is an old master!"

Slowly, as if drawing forth a precious treasure, the man laid the violin on the counter. He then looked toward the pawnbroker, as if anticipating that the exhibition would enforce enthusiastic admiration.

The pawnbroker, to whom all instruments perhaps looked alike, blinked disinterestedly and asked, "How much do you want?"

"Listen," said the man, impressively, as he raised the instrument from the counter and tucked it, in a peculiar manner, under his chin. "You fail to value this treasure, but the violin will make you understand."

He drew the bow across the strings slowly, and the eulogy he could not convey in words he put into tones and half tones. A merry, lilting waltz enlivened the sombre atmosphere and regaled the varied collection of misfortune's trophies. The man and melody bespoke mastery in the medium of expression and the pawnbroker's grim look softened as he felt the appeal dominating the strains.

The music ceased with soft plaintiveness and the player laid the instrument on the counter.

"You see," he offered, indulgently, "it bespeaks the mellowness of bygone years; it is a heritage of master workmanship. But even though it's my soul, my heart, my life, we must part for a while. Although the value of such an instrument as this should be counted by thousands, I ask but a trifle. To get too much might keep us apart too long, for genius is often hungry and fortune is a fickle jade. Let me have three dollars until the ghost walks."

With an expression of relief the pawnbroker, after a casual examination, turned to the desk, and securing his customer's name and address, passed money and pawn ticket across the counter.

The grotesque customer moved slowly toward the door, and then stopped. "Pardon me," he said, as he retraced his steps, "I trust you appreciate how important the safe keeping of that violin is. Being delicate, it is extremely sensitive

to heat and cold. It is also affected by darkness. It must have light and air. Would you mind hanging it up somewhere?"

"I will store it in the back room," answered the pawnbroker. "It is both sunny and airy there."

The violin owner shook his head protestingly, as if doubting the character of the back room. "There's a good place right above the counter," he said, "would you mind hanging it up?"

"All right," answered the pawnbroker, impatiently, and after placing the case under the counter, he hung the violin where designated, while the man looked on approvingly. Then, after profuse thanks, the odd customer departed.

And with the service lubricated by demands of other customers, Uncle Myer forgot the violin and its strange-looking owner.

Two days later he smiled a welcome to a gentleman whose personal appearance breathed money begetting confidence. As the demands for loans had been unusually large during the day, the pawnbroker beamed pleasantly when his customer requested to see a diamond ring from the window display.

The man studied the ring reflectively, and with the aid of a pocket microscope viewed the sparkling gem.

"The stone is good," he admitted, "but I find, on closer examination, the setting is an inferior copy of one I already have in my collection, for that reason it does not interest me."

"Don't be in a hurry, mister," said the pawnbroker, in an agony at the prospect of losing a sale. "Look around. Possibly you'll see something else you'll like."

The man paused, rather bored, and sent his glances wandering indifferently over the many pledged articles in evidence. The pawnbroker could see that nothing really attracted him. What a pity the ring had not been salable. Uncle Myer thrust it back into the window with a peevish sniff. At the same time he made up his mind not to let that customer escape without buying something. He felt his mercantile honor was involved in the affair.

"At any rate," he told himself, "he didn't go out. What is it he looks at now?"

The stranger's gaze had come to a halt above the counter. It remained there while Uncle Myer turned and looked at the same object.

No word was spoken for so long a while that the spirit of the pawnshop, always lying in wait for a moment when human influence ceases to dominate, had a chance for expression. Uncle Myer feared these moments. When he was there by himself he tried to avoid them by whistling, 'phone talks, or strolls to the door, whence he could overhear the busy street. The pledges were now in full power. Each clock ticked its loudest, each bit of bric-a-brac rang true to a vibration, a mandolin string snapped, an antique cabinet creaked as if to say, "I could a tale unfold—"

And then a word was spoken—one word, no more.

"Stradivarius!"

Myer's heart thumped. (Did the stranger say it—could a man speak when his lips did not move?) Myer almost believed he had said it himself—only, as it happened, 'twas a word

with which he had small acquaintance. Shaking off the weird influence of the silence, he cleared his throat and looked commandingly at the customer. To his relief, the latter spoke at once in a business-like manner.

"That violin," he remarked, "looks rather interesting. My special fad is gems, but I like to look at instruments. I have an idea that one might be unique."

"Sorry, mister," said the pawnbroker, "but that violin is not for sale. It's a pledged article, and only here two days. But I've other instruments. Maybe—"

The man made a gesture of irritation. "No," he said, sharply, "I don't care to waste time on ordinary modern fiddles. Of course that may be nothing more, but I fancied—at least, I'd like to examine it. But if it's not on sale, never mind."

And he turned toward the door. Could Uncle Myer let him go, thus, taking with him a pawnbroker's prestige and also (perhaps) several dollars' profit? No, Uncle Myer could not!

"Come back," he called, "oh, please come back. I'll take it down—sure there's no harm in just letting you look it over. Then you can tell me what it's worth; and I know you'll be careful handling it. The owner warned me it was delicate."

The pawnbroker watched with deep attention as the customer weighed and examined the instrument, but it was with hope that the violin would be found wanting, as the ring had been. Then the pawnbroker would try him with an amber necklace or a mosaic brooch. These collectors were likely to buy anything.

At first it seemed as if the violin were anything but satisfactory, for after taking it to the door and looking it over in the light from the street, it was brought back and laid aside with seeming carelessness. Still, the customer made no move to depart, and after complaining because there was no fly in the amber, the mosaic was condemned as "modern," his attention reverted to the violin.

"So it's not for sale?" said the customer, slowly. "Well, I'm sorry. I've taken up a lot of your time and I'd like to see you paid for your courtesy. But—what can a man do when the only object he cares for is 'not for sale'?"

Uncle Myer sighed in disgust, even while he wondered if the man wanted the violin, or was only trying to cover his exit neatly.

"Would you really like the fiddle?" he asked. "Do you see something of value in it?"

The man turned guiltily from his amorous gaze at the combination of wood, glue, and strings, and put on what seemed to the pawnbroker an obvious assumption of nonchalance.

"Oh, I don't know," he remarked, "as it's really worth anything. It's only curious, I guess. Still, I'd be willing to venture a bid on it, just to reward you for your time and because my collection lacks a violin."

Uncle Myer remembered the hungry look of the old-young man, and convinced himself he could do everyone a good turn.

"What'll you give," he whispered, "if I can induce the owner to sell? He prized it very highly, I remember, so he'll be hard to handle. I must be able to make him a good offer."

"I don't know what your idea is of a good offer," said the collector. "I'd scarcely care to go above five hundred. If that would tempt you, and you can get it for a trifle less from him, let me know. Here's my card. I'm at the Copley Hotel for a week."

He went out, leaving Uncle Myer mentally stunned. He had expected the customer to stop at "five"—he had gone to "hundred" as calmly as if ordering weinersnitzel in a delicatessen shop.

Myer took up the violin and tried to look into its inner economy. At the same time he gave himself explanatory information.

"An old master he said you were," he observed, "and he didn't like the dark. So I should

hang you where you'd get the air. And an old master you must be if a man wants you for five hundred. How'd he put it? 'I'd scarcely care to go above five hundred.'"

The shop had grown quiet again, despite Myer's self communings; suddenly his heart gave the familiar pound, as it had done a half hour before when a mysterious word floated on the air.

What was that word—Stradivarius! And what association had it in the mind of Myer?

An encyclopedia had come into the shop in flotsam from a library. Myer hauled down the volume "Pue to Strad" and solved the puzzle. A "Strad" was a violin, "an old master," probably of fabulous worth. The stranger suspected this of being one. The word had been pumped into the air inadvertently. Instead of cheating himself by paying five hundred, he would be trying to cheat Uncle Myer. Well, the first thing to do was to get that fiddle into one's hands. Then "business" could be talked to that "collector," and perhaps when the violin changed hands more than a paltry five hundred would do likewise.

While trying to decide on what pretence the owner could be invited to the pawnshop without arousing suspicion, that down-and-out crossed the threshold of his own volition. And he wore what Uncle Myer diagnosed as a lean and hungry air.

"Say," he pleaded, "I'm whipped clean again, and I've got to have an extra two dollars. My ship is still pounding its nose off beyond the coast of plenty. Can you add another two spot to the violin incumbrance?"

"Well, maybe," considered the pawnbroker. "Or—perhaps you'd sell the violin?"

"And perhaps I wouldn't think of anything of the kind," was the immediate reply. "Guess you don't know the soul of art that is held in bondage for want of a few dollars. No, mister, you can't appreciate the heaven of music that is imprisoned in that violin. If I sold it I would be selling all that is dear in the world to me."

The pawnbroker's face hardened and his eyes glinted covetously. "Then I can't be bothered," he answered, indifferently. "No more can I give you as a loan. To buy I'll give you a good price."

The man, taken aback by this cavalier treatment, turned and gazed ruefully toward the street. "I must have money to live," Myer heard him whisper. And then he wrung his hands, passing them over his eyes as if to drive away a bad dream. Then, "Well, how much will you give?" he jerked out, desperately.

"Maybe ten or fifteen dollars," said the pawnbroker, cautiously. "I would risk the fifteen because you say it has value."

The man's answer was a sob that turned into a derisive chuckle. "Fool," he sneered, "that violin is worth thousands—indeed, is priceless. But I cannot starve—give me three hundred and I'll sacrifice it."

The pawnbroker raised his shoulders and inclined his head while an indulgent smile spread over his features. "For an old fiddle, three hundred dollars! Please don't joke in business hours."

"See here," said the man decisively, "you heard my offer. It was wrung from me by hunger—that alone. If you cannot accept it, say so before another minute. I will go out among my friends; surely they will aid me to live until such time as I am able to redeem it." He paused to give the pawnbroker opportunity to think, then said, "The minute is up—what is your decision?"

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all the money I have in the store. A princely offer, and one I shall not make again."

The man made as if to depart, then, as the door opened to admit another customer, he squared his shoulders, bit his lips, and moaned, "Give me the money."

Waiting only long enough to count the bills tendered him, and to surrender his pawn ticket, he hastened away, his very back suggestive of a burden of lifetime regret. Myer allowed but one pang of sympathy to intrude on his self-congratulation. After all, a hundred and fifty was a bunch of money, and if the poor fellow didn't know he was selling a "Strad" he would realize that he had been well paid—when he came to think it over. "An old master!" cooed Myer to his purchase, and longed to fondle it all night.

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"What business, tell me, is it of yours?" groaned Goldman. "For the post mortem cackle you come round."

"I came for the reason that misery likes company," said Klein. "They got me for a hundred and twenty-five. And you?"

"A hundred and fifty," reluctantly admitted Goldman. "Twenty-five dollars you're better off than I am."

"Who wouldn't get caught?" said Klein, consolingly. "They were a nifty pair of actors. Show me your fiddle."

Goldman obeyed, and then Klein shook his head knowingly. "Just like mine, a cheap new fiddle, fixed up to make it look old and valuable."

"I'll bet they're breathing a balmier climate by now," he gloomed, before returning to his own place.

When Goldman had made his day's report to the police and locked up securely, he wandered toward the white light district. He felt versed in the weaknesses of the unrighteous, and thought it just possible the pair who had duped him might be lingering where the cafes harbored the cabarets. Two hours of Sherlocking somewhat damped his ardor. He decided to begin to enjoy himself, sat down and ordered refreshments with which he really intended to refresh himself. An orchestra of three pieces, cornet, violin and piano, was playing an enticing waltz, and playing it well, considering the place and the hour. A very pretty girl adorned the piano

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Yet even while indulging in these reflections, Myer's heart gave that old familiar thump. The man looked different in every particular. He had not run away, but was publicly exposing himself in the brightest of lights. His gaze, as he bowed to the perfunctory applause of the drinkers, was now dreamy, now keen and practical, never desperate—as that other gaze had been. But—he hugged the violin as that man had hugged it. The peculiar attitude was registered on Myer's memory.

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He came upon one lolling carelessly at a street corner, to whom the pawnbroker, in high-pitched tones, imparted news of the fraud and its discovery.

"Wait," said the officer, "I'll phone to the station for a plain clothes man. It wouldn't do for me to make the arrest in uniform. It might hurt the management."

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"You had it right, Goldman," advised the inspector, "the man whose arrest you caused is the guilty party. He confessed after we found the makeup, wig, and so on, in his room. He had played the game on more than you and Klein—half the pawnbrokers in town were left lamenting. His partner, who framed the job, got away to New York, beating the chap we have in custody out of his share of the proceeds. In fact, the man who pawned the violins and did the dirty work was really a dupe. The fellow who got away, an old-time gentleman crook, uses his brains to pick out uncompromising jobs, attended with little risk. He got acquainted with the violinist at the cabaret, where the plan was arranged."

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Goldman, without waiting for further information, rushed behind the counter and grabbed the fiddle. His eyes traveled hungrily to the bridge and there they stopped, as he emitted a shout of joy.

"This is it," he cried, "this is the real Stradivarius."

"You're lucky, after all," said the inspector, "but remember," he continued, "you'll be wanted in court tomorrow as a witness."

"I'll go," said Goldman, "but inspector, please I ask you, don't ask me to testify. I shouldn't want to say anything against that fiddler. He done me a favor. Think of it, inspector, three hundred and fifty profit. I had a suspicion all along it was an old master!"



What's the Matter with Modern Collegiate Education—and Antioch's Answer

WHAT about our American colleges? Before 1914 American colleges were in serious difficulties. In our great universities, the multitude of students and the multiplicity of courses had largely broken down and eliminated that personal contact of teacher and student that, after all, is the medium by which clear insight and high purpose are transmitted from generation to generation. The little colleges, on the other hand, were hard pressed for funds to pay the entirely inadequate salaries of their faculties. But if the pre-war conditions of our colleges and universities was serious, the present condition is calamitous. The ivy still grows on academic walls, and catalogs are issued in due season; but only those on the inside know how terribly our system of higher education is failing, and how actually hundreds of our colleges are menaced by approaching collapse and discontinuance.

Now, what is being done about it? Go to the next meeting of the trustees of any one of five hundred American colleges and you will hear well-nigh endless suggestions of temporizing and expediency. Search for some clean-cut, original analysis of our educational policy, on which to base a fundamental college program, and you will search almost in vain.

Education, even in America, is not democratic. True, thousands of young men and women in the aggregate have worked their way through college without financial help. But usually at what a cost! The college or university is administered for the convenience of the student whose college course is financed for him. The self-supporting student must earn his way during odd hours, usually in unorganized industry, and

in competition with unskilled and unintelligent labor. Scarcely any effort has been made to organize a college course around the student who must be self-supporting, so as to give his intelligence and his time its highest productive value.

Here and there are found rifts in the cloud that hangs over modern collegiate education. Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, founded by Horace Mann and Edward Everett Hale seventy-five years ago, and now under the presidency of Arthur W. Morgan, one of the best-known engineers in America, has taken as its work the almost totally-neglected field of preparing students to be industrially self-directing men and women. The student in technical or vocational courses at Antioch for years before graduation will be thinking, not of the "job" he is going to get, but of the business, be it very small or very large, which he is going to develop and run. He will have received in the six years at college the academic education which will have taught him to think and will have opened to him the stores of human knowledge. In addition, he will have had six years half time work in handling actual responsibility and will have found himself and his place in life as college graduates commonly do only after several years of buffeting about.

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Most colleges make little or no selection of students beyond that represented in passing examinations. Antioch trustees have decided that no institution can prepare all kinds of men for all kinds of work. Fundamental honesty in college management requires that the prospective student be told the truth. Unless the management believes their college can serve the student better than any other institution, it would advise him against coming. The small college can only succeed if it undertakes a circumscribed job and does that job well. Only failure and mediocrity is in store for the multitude of small colleges that are straining themselves to imitate and duplicate the functions of great universities.

The extremely careful selection of students who can be really served by an institution is essential to success.

But what, in fact, is Antioch college like? To begin with, the entire student body will go to school half the time, and work half the time, in financially productive occupations. Two persons will hold one job, each alternating between work and college, during two-week or one-month periods. It is hoped that a young man, bringing with him \$200, can earn his way during the rest of the course without outside financial assistance. Whether the prevailing earning capacity of women will make possible as great a degree of financial independence remains to be seen. Tuition has been fixed tentatively at one-third the amount earned by the student, with a minimum of \$200 per year.

While Antioch is in a beautiful and quiet country village, it is within thirty miles of more than five hundred industries, and is connected with them by steam and electric railways. About forty of these industries, all located within twelve miles of the college, have promised to use the college students for half-time work.

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By actual experience in the various phases

Continued on page 190



CAMPUS AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE

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hang you where you'd get the air. And an old master you must be if a man wants you for five hundred. How'd he put it? 'I'd scarcely care to go above five hundred.' "

The shop had grown quiet again, despite Myer's self communings; suddenly his heart gave the familiar pound, as it had done a half hour before when a mysterious word floated on the air.

What was that word—Stradivarius! And what association had it in the mind of Myer?

An encyclopedia had come into the shop in flossam from a library. Myer hauled down the volume "Pue to Strad" and solved the puzzle. A "Strad" was a violin, "an old master," probably of fabulous worth. The stranger suspected this of being one. The word had been pumped into the air inadvertently. Instead of cheating himself by paying five hundred, he would be trying to cheat Uncle Myer. Well, the first thing to do was to get that fiddle into one's hands. Then "business" could be talked to that "collector," and perhaps when the violin changed hands more than a paltry five hundred would do likewise.

While trying to decide on what pretence the owner could be invited to the pawnshop without arousing suspicion, that down-and-outer crossed the threshold of his own volition. And he wore what Uncle Myer diagnosed as a lean and hungry air.

"Say," he pleaded, "I'm whipped clean again, and I've got to have an extra two dollars. My ship is still pounding its nose off beyond the coast of plenty. Can you add another two spot to the violin incumbrance?"

"Well, maybe," considered the pawnbroker. "Or—perhaps you'd sell the violin?"

"And perhaps I wouldn't think of anything of the kind," was the immediate reply. "Guess you don't know the soul of art that is held in bondage for want of a few dollars. No, mister, you can't appreciate the heaven of music that is imprisoned in that violin. If I sold it I would be selling all that is dear in the world to me."

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"Eternally Starting Something"

This New England merchant has a penchant for participating in national and international movements for stabilizing the world's business

ONE of the live wires of New England is Edward A. Filene, president of Wm. Filene's Sons Company of Boston. Not long ago some one charged him with "eternally starting something." He modestly answered, "If you will examine the facts logically, you will see that I start nothing. Simply one thing leads naturally to another. I am not active in national and international affairs just because I conceived the notion that I wanted to be a national or international figure; I am active in them because our store is related to the community, the community is related to New England, New England is related to the nation, and the nation is related to the world. I began with the problems of the store. In working out those I had to work with the problems of the community; those in turn led me to the problems of New England and the rest of the country, and so on to world problems."

That is what John Singer Sargent characterizes as "relating the coal scuttle to the universe," and is precisely the quality that has contributed so largely to Mr. Filene's success. Whether with regard to matters in the specialty store of which he is president, and which is the largest of its kind in the country, or with regard to the national and international affairs in which he takes part, he sees the relations of things—he has vision. And then, he is thoroughly alive—yes, "eternally starting something."

The Filene store well expresses the personality of its president. The establishment is constantly kept alive—"snappy" really expresses it—by experiments and the application of new ideas. And "service" is its watchword. To other department and specialty stores all over the country it has become a model to be studied and many times followed; to its body of nearly three thousand employees it is a large co-operative fraternity worthy of the loyalty and support they proudly give it; to students of all sorts of sociologic and economic questions it is a laboratory where may be obtained the results of the testing of many and various ideas; to the general public "Filene's" is the embodiment of good taste, quality, up-to-the-minute styles, and fair prices.

Mr. Filene constantly says, "We have no right to profits unless we render service." That is the slogan that governs the business, and one which he constantly emphasizes to the young men and women who come under his influence. That it is truly a practical ideal the success of the Filene establishment attests.

In the larger questions of national and international relations Mr. Filene's work has been made valuable by the same qualities that have contributed to the success of the store—vision, the ability to apply the vision, and service. He sees the relation not alone of one section of the country to another, economically and politically, but the relation of the interests of one country to the interests of the rest of the world. In an address delivered in Chicago recently he made the following analysis of the conditions in the United States:

"The basic conditions of our country are good. The United States is the richest country in the world. Our savings bank deposits are the

largest in our history. There is an enormous amount of work to be done to give us the needed new houses and other buildings, to restore our railroads as to equipment, tracks, bridges and repairs, to replace worn-out machinery of all kinds, to make public improvements delayed by the war.

"And yet there are more than three million idle in the nation, and we have just passed through a financial and business crisis. And the danger is not over yet, nor the most needed remedies applied.

"The basic cause of this anomalous condition is our inability to export our surpluses. As a result of our energy and the war stimulus we have today a surplus on hand and a surplus producing ability that would have been thought impossible in 1913. And our exports are falling off from month to month by hundreds of millions.

"The reason we cannot export our surpluses that are needed for world restoration and world peace is that the European nations are too poor to pay for them in gold or goods and must have long-term credits to buy them.

"But long-term credits cannot be given unless there is greater political and social stability in Europe—less danger of revolutions or war that will make repayment of loans uncertain or impossible.

"Greater political and social stability cannot come in Europe, however, unless the United States helps. Lacking our help there must come new balance-of-power agreements among the nations, with the resultant rivalry in armaments and new wars."

Suggesting a remedy following this analysis, Mr. Filene expressed the opinion that it is necessary for the health of our own business and our future prosperity, as well as for the stability of Europe, that the United States co-operate with Europe in an effective association of nations. He believes President Harding realizes this and should be given the full moral support of the country to bring it about. To quote again from his Chicago speech:

"President Harding needs to understand that the great mass of Americans is with him in making this country an active member of an effective association of nations. We must begin to differentiate between the Americanism of political campaigning and the real Americanism involving our duty to our neighbors as well as to ourselves.

"To bring order out of chaos in Europe there is need mainly of the understanding by our people that we are really neighbors of Europe, that we are intimately concerned in Europe's fate and must act as good neighbors. We are not good neighbors if from a position of comparative safety we use our superior strength selfishly while we see our neighbors fighting with their lives to keep intact the dam that stems the threatening flood of destruction. We can be good neighbors to Europe only if we lend our strength to save her from the flood of want, unemployment, and anarchy that threatens her. There is no other way but by the co-operation of the United States in an association of nations, or in the League of Nations modified as may be necessary.

"I am apparently making a plea for the League, but I am not intending primarily to do that. I



Photo by Bachrach

EDWARD A. FILENE

An international figure in the mercantile world

am emphasizing the points that the facts make it necessary to emphasize, and almost any study of conditions in Europe will force one to emphasize the absolute need of our association with the nations of Europe if there is to be recuperation and lasting peace.

"Disarmament agreements are offered by many people as a substitute. Reduction of military expenses is necessary in all nations because, in Europe especially, they are too great a burden to be borne safely in addition to the huge expenses of the war."

Mr. Filene early saw the need of co-operation among the business men of the world, and as soon as the war was over started to make practical application of his ideals. With a group of men of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States he spent six months of 1919 in Europe forming missions of the important business men and bankers of France, Belgium, England and Italy. These missions were then invited to attend an international trade conference at Atlantic City in October of that year, and thereafter to tour the country from coast to coast. At the Atlantic City conference the formation of an international chamber of commerce was decided upon, and during the winter of 1919-20 the plans were worked out in the countries of each of these missions as well as in our own country. In June 1920 the International Chamber of Commerce was organized in Paris, and Mr. Filene as one of the founders became a director. He has been called "the apostle" of the International Chamber of Commerce.

The first annual meeting of this new body was held in London in June of this year and proved to be the most important gathering yet assembled of business men and bankers from the important countries of the world. If vision, the ability to apply vision, and service rule in that organization too, it is destined to become an increasingly powerful influence for good.

HEART THROBS AND THRILLS



THE HEART THRILL OF THE FOUNDER OF MOOSEHEART

In response to a request from the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in President Harding's cabinet, sends this "Thrill":

"The 'love child' of my brain has been the founding of Mooseheart, a home and school for the orphans of the members of the Loyal Order of Moose of the World, and the widows of these members. This has grown into a marvelous institution, as will be verified by any one who has visited this children's paradise. These children are given a general schooling and vocational training. The children start to the kindergarten at the age of three. From this they go to the primary school, grammar, and up through the high school. In addition, they are instructed in trades and arts. There are twenty-two vocational trades and arts taught at Mooseheart. The boy is asked what trade he would like best, and the girl is given the same opportunity. Many other interesting things might be said of Mooseheart.

I think I can truthfully say that the most thrilling moment of my life was when I watched these eight hundred children with bright, happy faces, filing out of the Assembly Room at Mooseheart. To have felt that I had had some part in the development of this galaxy of happy childhood, whose fathers or mothers, or perhaps both, had been called to the Great Beyond—to know that I had contributed somewhat toward not only their happiness, but in making of them good American citizens, of which they give such promise—this was the supreme moment of my life.

WHEN THE MOTHER'S BOAT CAME IN

Water—unending miles of it. And over it, low-hanging, a thick curtain of fog that hid the land from view and made the tugboat with its freight of human beings seem completely alone in a great world of sea.

The boat drifted for the most part. Now and then its engines throbbed, sending the little craft at full speed ahead, only to pause and drift again. The passengers stood about on deck, strangely silent. Their faces were turned always outward to the sea, their eyes straining to penetrate the veil of mist that shut the harbor in. There were mothers there, hundreds of them—brave little women upon whose faces suffering and anxiety had set their stamp. Mothers and fathers, wives, sweethearts, and a very few, who like myself, were there to receive the heart-thrill, not of personal joy, but of patriotism.

After seeming hours of cold and wet and unutterable yearning, it came. First to the ears—the low, hoarse moan of a great ship's foghorn, faint, growing louder. Then at length to the eyes, quite close, the dim gray tracery of the ship itself. Our engines hummed again and we sped forward through the water. The looming specter became momentarily more distinct, less a part of the fog itself. Here and there on the deck of the tug women began to cry now, a little hysterically. All eyes were lifted high to the decks of the nearing liner. A new color was

becoming apparent, breaking the gray monotony. Brown. Khaki! Great lines of it swam before the eyes.

Men and women wept now, unabashed, tears that welled up from the thanksgiving in their hearts. The great transport and the tiny tug drew even nearer, until but a narrow span of dark water kept them apart. The khaki mass of a moment ago became decks packed solid with soldiers—five thousand of the best America had to offer. Rows upon rows of them there were, waving, cheering, jostling one another. They watched the little tug, far below, with its cargo of waiting arms and its message that other waiting arms were very near now, and no one who saw them will ever forget the look upon their faces.

Only for a moment did the tear-dimmed eyes see them thus; then the two boats glided apart again and lost each other in the fog. But the hearts of the folk on the little craft as it made its way to the pier were beautifully at peace; and from the eyes of the mothers whose sacrifice God had returned safe to them, there shone in that hour the Glory of the Race.

MY FIRST THRILL

My first thrill came when I was two years old, and around it clusters many a delightful memory. The thrill came about through a tiny hoop-skirt, and the hoop-skirt came about because we were going upon a journey.

Father had been "brought up" by relatives in Central New York, but was living at the time of which I write in a small town in eastern Connecticut, and was anxious to return to his old home for a visit. For weeks he and mother had been planning the trip, and they were actually going, and going to take the children. How heavenly! The children consisted of sister Amy, aged three, and little Tina (myself), aged two.

At last every preparation seemed to have been made. Help was at the house ready to go on with the work, and even our satchels were packed, for we were to start the following morning bright and early. But catastrophe of all catastrophes! It suddenly flashed through mother's mind that the girls had no hoop-skirts! Was there ever such neglect? Dry goods stores were at a distance, and no time on hand to spare. But again father and mother planned, and again they visited the attic, and this time they dragged down some discarded hoop-skirts. And so it came about that father tucked us in our trundle-bed that night (and forget to hear our prayers), while out in the other room mother was ripping, cutting, and fashioning the greatly-needed additions to our outfits. I suspect that mother had but little sleep that night, for in the morning we found two tiny hoop-skirts resting on the foot of our trundle-bed, ready for use at the first peep of day. And then came the measurings and trying on of same. Is it any wonder that our baby minds were thrilled? How we trotted across the room, puffed with pride, as well as hoop-skirts! And then those perchings upon the table, when round and round we spun like tops, for reasons best known to mother.

And it would seem that grandmother also

shared in the anxiety as to the children's appearance, for at the last moment if she didn't send over a bandbox containing two more tiny hoop-skirts! This box and contents were placed under the back seat of the carriage, and looked upon as a special dispensation of Providence, in case of breakage!

Perhaps in later days I may have had more thrilling thrills, but none so well remembered as this wonderful thrill of childhood!

A HOMECOMING HEART THRILL

A librarian from one of the most historic towns in the country relates her "Heart Thrill":

"You naturally expect something that had to do with the traditions and memories of the scenes that has brought a thrill to thousands of American visitors every day. There is no accounting for thrills. Mine was different—but from the same source.

"My greatest 'Heart Thrill' was standing on the Princess side dock in Liverpool, waiting for the steamer to carry me home.

"After three months abroad where I had had a delightful time visiting the home of my father in Edinburgh, the one thing that touched me, thrilled me through and through, was when I realized that I was going home—and an American. I turned to one of the men, a worker on the dock, and a stranger:

"Do you realize what that boat means to me?" I asked, and then I just sat with tears in my eyes, on that clear and beautiful day, thanking God that I was going to my home over the seas.

"Never had I experienced anything like it before, and never before had I fully realized what it means to be an American.

"This was in 1912 before the scenes of the World War blaze. Even now and all through the war, a slight recurrence of that thrill comes in looking upon our flag filled with stars and radiant with red and white and blue, and to realize I have a home in the land of the free."

A HEART THRILL OF HUMAN SYMPATHY

One day, some six or seven years ago, I read an article in the *Fra*, Elbert Hubbard's publication (up to the time of his death) about a young married man having been knocked down one night in his house by a burglar, and having become, as a result of the blow, blind, deaf and paralyzed from the waist down. It had happened twelve years ago in an eastern city, and ever since then the man and his wife were making a precarious living as the agents of a certain soap manufacturer. The article was written in a straightforward, modest manner, and I was greatly touched by it, as who would not be?

In answer to my check came a box of soap, and that started more or less of a correspondence. The letters from the unfortunate man were most cheerful and hopeful, and made one wonder how anybody deprived of three vital faculties, could ever express any hope whatsoever! Then one summer in 1916, I believe, he and his wife came to our city for a convention of the Woodmen,

to which order they belong, and I had the pleasure of making Mr. Henry's acquaintance. Yes, blind, deaf, and unable to move a step—but pleasant, smiling, full of fun and hopeful ever. He did his writing by means of a board over which were stretched rubber bands, and he wrote in between those bands. His understanding of his interlocutors was by means of a board with raised letters; the speaker took Mr. Henry's finger and placed it over the letters; and it was wonderful to see how few letters were needed to let him know what one intended to say.

I told a friend of mine about him, and it was suggested that Mr. Henry go and see Dr. B— because this doctor had been so successful with just such cases. To make a long story short, Dr. B— thought he could help Mr. Henry, if not entirely, at least cause him to walk, if they could stay in our city and if Mr. Henry would be willing to undergo some very rigorous treatments. The cheerful, smiling patient said he had been to so many doctors and hospitals and had undergone so many different kinds of "try-outs" that one more would not hurt him. They stayed here and for months it seemed that all was in vain. Dr. B— thought that if an improvement began to show it would be in his limbs, enabling Mr. Henry to walk or move about.

Then one day an excited telephone message came: "Come at once to Mr. Henry's room at the hotel." I went, not knowing what to expect. He was in bed with a green shade over his eyes; the doctor on one side of the bed, beaming with happiness; Mrs. Henry on the other side, crying, but beaming through her tears. I walked toward the bed and Mr. Henry spread out his arms—laughing, shaking with emotion, and saying: "Oh, my dear, I can see you; I can see you. And it is you who are the first cause of it; because if you had not sent me that check I would still be in the dark."

Talk of thrills—a better word will have to be found to express my feelings at that moment; I, too, laughed and cried and trembled.

And today Mr. Henry can see, hear, and walk.

WHEN A SOLDIER RECEIVES A THRILL

The soldier with his lore of experiences always relates his stories to an attentive, nay, a flattering world! There are many who, like Mr. A. C. Rau, Secretary to Chester I. Campbell, the Home Beautiful Exposition "wizard," drew thrills out of life while in the garb of a United States soldier.

Mr. Rau was with an Ammunition Corps and stationed near Metz at the time that ammunition plant was accidentally blown up. It was while the American sector was in Toule, and the army in full preparedness to seize Metz, that his huge area of "fireworks" exploded. As Mr. Rau tells it:—

"I was at that time stationed aloft, in the barracks of the plant, when about four o'clock in the morning I heard an awful rumble as though a dozen seas were forcing their way over cities and prairies. I had no business up there in that particular corner, for I was warned it was a dangerous position to hold as a lookout post. After the explosion took place, I found I still owned my legs, my arms, but not quite all of my wits. The shock was too intense and sudden; I remained in that dazed condition indefinitely, as did my bunkie, whom I found hanging from the rafters overhead, where he had climbed when he was given warning.

"The sensation I experienced during that horrible second is ill described as a 'thrill,' for to me it was a sensation that somehow defies telling. The accident made such a great impression on my subconsciousness, so to speak, that I have never been able to forget every detail in connection with same, in rehearsing this explosion, in my mind's eye. Not only is that positive, but it becomes now such an easy thing

to associate the slightest noise with the explosion in which I was allowed so miraculously to escape unscathed.

"At the present time, when I hear the faintest sound resembling somewhat this catastrophe, I immediately become conscious of my senses becoming paralyzed; my head seems to expand, until it well-nigh reaches the bursting point, and I live over again all those horrible details. I cannot think of a single thing, outside of this, that has ever visited me during my entire existence; nor is there any other possible experience that I could meet with that would stamp itself so indelibly in my mind!

"When I add that this same explosion dug a hole in the ground large enough to hold a battleship, you will readily see the cause of havoc it wrought in the minds of those poor unfortunates, some of whom, being present with me, did not escape with as clear a mentality."

THRILL OF MEETING AN OPERA SINGER

The voice of the singer is silent, but the magic of memories remains.

To those who knew, and were intimate friends of Anna Louise Cary, the late beloved opera singer, little more could be added to enhance the virtues of this beautiful "grand lady," as she was fondly called by thousands of young and old admirers.

One of these fortunate people who happened only by chance, upon Anna Louise Cary one day, while in the Grand Central Station in New York, relates the following anecdote, typifying thereby the human sentiment, this beautiful prima donna awakened in her companions, even during the sunset of her beautiful life.

"Waiting the arrival of my husband one day, a beautifully-dressed woman of perhaps fifty (she was in reality seventy-seven at the time) came and sat down beside me," relates the speaker. "I had with me some song-books. She glanced at them and then said to me, 'You are apparently interested in music?' I agreed with her and said I hoped I had guessed correctly when I surmised that she was a musician.

"Yes, I have entree to all grand opera rehearsals—I've just come from one! I am Anna Louise Cary, and my name is Mrs. Raymond. I live but an hour's ride from here.' My feelings at that moment were perhaps too sacred for intrusion or description. Anna Louise Cary was the first great singer I had been privileged to hear, when a little girl in the West. To think that I should meet her here, and actually escort her to her train! Never was a more delightful thrill. This great opera singer referred affectionately to 'Heart Songs' with its musical memory-treasures as Joe Mitchell Chapple's great idea of making hearts beat more in unison. She was, in tribute, that type of American woman about whom people invariably became confused when asked to state approximately her age. Her soul as well as her body remained young throughout her long life, even after the tremolo of age came upon that rich, soulful contralto voice that actually thrilled and stirred the millions."

WONDERS OF NATURE PROVIDE A THRILL

Though it happened many years ago, and I have lived the allotted time, I do not recall even having had any experience that gave me such a real thrill as the one I am about to relate. It was before the days of the automobile, and we were journeying through the White Mountains by carriage. We were going up through the Franconia Notch after a night of drizzling rain; the morning was dark and cloudy and thick with fog. We had neither seen or expected to see anything of interest; there were no "signs" of any interesting points thereabouts, as this, too, was before the mountain travel was what it is today, or the White Mountains had become the

summer resort they now are. The man of the family remarked that as we must be nearing Cannon Mountain, the Old Man of the Mountain must be up at our left and it would be well to be watching out, as it was barely possible we might catch a glimpse of him. Scarcely had the words been spoken when the sun burst through the clouds and seemingly suspended high above us in the sky was that Great Stone Face—nothing else could be seen but that gigantic face in a halo of sunshine. It was truly a sublime spectacle. Talk about thrills! It would be useless to attempt to describe the sensations of that moment. Many times since then have I looked up at that wonderful rock formation, said to be around ninety feet from the point of the chin to the top of the forehead, but while each time it is to me a wondrous sight, I never forget the thrill of that first time when it seemed as if the heavens were actually opened and we were permitted to gaze upon a miracle; that wonderful sign hung up there, as Daniel Webster said, "to show that New Hampshire makes men."

The grandeur and sublimity of that awe-inspiring spectacle at that time must have produced the same sort of thrill in the heart of the little fellow at our side, as, actually pale with emotion, he looked up into our faces and said, "Oh, Nature never did that; somebody must have made it."

"No," we replied, "only God could do that!"

NOT PROOF AGAINST THRILLS

We are gloriously certain that the natural order of things has been ruthlessly reversed in the case of Miss F. Tennyson Jesse (Lord Tennyson's niece) who is heard to apologize, through the medium of her book of poems, for having taken such a flat, diffident view of life seven years ago.

Miss Jesse came to New York seven years ago and startled its habitat by declaring herself an unromantic opposer of the so-called romantic life led by lovers. She averred that there was no thrill in a kiss; that "matrimony was merely a means of providing yourself with persons who will care for you and be kind to you in your old age." Miss Jesse probably wished to steel herself against possible disillusion; if this was her intention, she hypnotized herself marvelously into eventually believing what she preached.

To illustrate the thought: Miss Jesse puts herself into a stateroom and looks out at the world through the port-hole, but keeps the door unlocked in case she should sight, by chance, her ideal, in whom she would have unparalleled faith.

To the casual reader of the day, the newspaper account of Miss Jesse's recent deviation of principle seemingly shatters all past traditions pertaining to the concrete cautious admission that "thrills in youth, pale in age." With Miss Jesse, quite the reverse transpires in those seven years. Instead of putting her on her feet, they have apparently stood her on her head! No bad taste, to allow yourself to be left on the embankment so that a finer and more inclusive view can be obtained!

Miss Jesse instills divine hope into some of us, however! Take, for instance, that creature of unromantic bend, who, only with painful exactitude, can detect the slightest thrill in living the life of a "detached," she has something to look forward to when she attaches a husband. What a much safer course—that of accepting the role as cynic in youth, to outgrow it later on and have romantic essences take the place of blank vistas, in age! There are precious few of us who are like clever mathematicians, and are able to plan a life of early wisdom and forethought, restraining all impulse to taste of that much-heard-of cup of love and romance, and later—complete abandon with a lifelong assurance of marital bliss.

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

IT remained for Mrs. Joseph Fels, widow of the Philadelphia soap magnate, to lead in interesting the Jewish people in championing a new cause, viz., the project of erecting a Temple of Solomon here in America, to co-ordinate, as far as is possible, with the original temple of Solomon, destroyed in 70 A. D.

Of the accuracy of the model that now exists in the Semitic Museum, Cambridge, we are uncertain. It is plausible that a model such as this will have to be consulted if Mrs. Fels succeeds in collecting the \$300,000 necessary for the undertaking.

Universal interest naturally follows an exploit of this sort. People manifest interest and wonder in regard to exact data connected with the historic Temple of Solomon.

The model exhibited in the Semitic Museum at Harvard is an interesting piece of miniature architecture. It was given the Museum authorities by Jacob F. Sheiff, a Jewish banker, who is likewise responsible for the existence of this particular Museum.

Prof. David C. Lyon, in charge of the Museum, declares that there are but two such models in existence, the other one now being in Palestine. This particular architectural copy shows to good advantage, not only the temple in its entirety, but also adjacent grounds; the race-course site, called "Millo," the eastern walls of the city, the Mosque of Omar, etc.

Solomon's wisdom may long have been a statement to be disputed and harangued, but the most skeptical of us must concede one point in his favor; he had an eye for magnificence of beauty.

The grandeur of his temple will never be duplicated, just as Chopin's works will never find an equal. All of us agree that never again will there exist such proud parents as those of Solomon, namely, David and Bathsheba.

The Temple of Solomon was built on Mount Moriah, as far as we are able to tell. Because the sides of the hill of Mount Moriah were so very steep, its summit rough and of insufficient size for the fore-courts of the house, the entire sanctuary with its two fore-courts had to be made into a large square.

The immense blocks of smooth and beveled stone of which some are thirty feet long and seven feet high, and weigh more than one hundred tons, are in the finest style of Cyclopean architecture, and are still the admiration of every traveler.

Part of the old wall now rises thirty feet, but it has been discovered that an even greater extent of its surface lies buried under the debris of ages, beneath the soil of the nineteen-times captured city. The stone was partly hewn from those deep quarries, drains and caverns over which Jerusalem is built.

Finest Horses, Cattle and Dogs in America Owned by a Woman

TO love animals and to own the finest of live stock are in accord with the eternal fitness of things. Some lovers of our dumb friends are not in the way of owning the creatures they would like to have, and some owners do not deserve to have animals, they treat them so scurvily.

Mrs. Loula Long Combs, of the Longview Farm at Lee's Summit, Missouri, enjoys the double felicity of being a lover of live stock and of owning what is reputed to be the finest aggregation of horses, cattle, and dogs in America. This estate was created by her father, Mr.

Robert A. Long, the subject of an appreciative sketch in the June number of this Magazine, some of the illustrations of which pictured striking features of Longview Farm. A portrait of Mrs. Combs, with a trio of her pets, appearing herewith, is more eloquent than words. It is hard to say from the facial expressions whether the dogs or their mistress are the more happy.

Horses from Longview Farm have included some of the greatest prize-winners in this country, and the horse sales held on the estate attract breeders and fanciers from all over the world. Mrs. Combs is herself a thorough judge of fancy horses, besides being one of the premier whips of the United States. Amiable and approachable, she is a perfect type of the American girl—practical and possessed of rare common sense, with a variety of attachments and interests. Her love and respect for her worthy father bespeaks not only filial piety, but affectionate comradeship. The two have always been one in spirit as well as in bond of blood.

Thousands of Music Lovers Know This Famous Music Publishing Firm

HOME without music could be hardly less melancholy than "home without a mother." Balladry is one of the greatest humanizing agencies of the ages. "Let me write the songs of a

nation and I care not who writes its laws," a wise man said. Song makers and song marketers, as well as song singers, are among the world's best joy-givers.

Musical homes are not complete today unless they have full store of pieces bearing the dis-shaped trademark inscribed, "The Witmark Black and White Series." One of the latest publications marked with the symbol is called "Songland." An artistic title page denotes that the work is a catalog devoted to beautiful ballads (sacred and secular) for all voices—solos, duets, quartets, selected from the Witmark Black and White Series, and, besides the little round symbol, it is embellished with an idyllic picture of bell and beau—or young bride and groom, maybe—in

evening dress, the fair one playing the piano. This work exploits fifty of the best pieces in the series. Both by the trade and by song-lovers it is regarded as one of the most interesting and valuable catalogs of standard ballads in existence. Every jobber and nearly a thousand leading sheet



MRS. LOULA LONG COMBS

One of the most celebrated whips in the world. Her string of horses are the most notable prize-winners in America. Mrs. Combs is the daughter of Mr. R. A. Long of Kansas City, Missouri, millionaire lumberman and philanthropist and founder of the Long-Bell Lumber Company

music dealers in the United States and Canada are carrying the complete line, giving special attention to the fifty numbers featured in "Songland." Speaking of the Series, the *Music Trade Review* says:

"It yields a fertile field, indeed, not only for the soloist, but for those who are seeking interesting and enjoyable quartets, trios, and duets—the majority of its compositions being published



JULIUS P. WITMARK, SR.

One-time famous singer, now world-known music publisher

in such varying forms as quartet arrangements for male, female, and mixed voices, as well as vocal trios and duets, to say nothing of a great many with special violin and 'cello obligatos."

The history of this delightful enterprise would make a subject for an epic poem, if only a poet equal to the task should appear. Julius P. Witmark at the age of twelve was one of the four madrigal boys with the San Francisco Minstrels, a troupe famous in its day. Later he was featured as "the wonderful boy soprano," touring the country with Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, the greatest organization of its kind that ever existed. When his voice changed, he appeared with the foremost musical comedy companies of that period. All this time young Witmark was building up a solid reputation as a singer of ballads. Many a hit he made in those days, and ballad singing continued to be his work for many years, until the publishing business of M. Witmark & Sons demanded his whole time.

Naturally his experience on the stage developed in Mr. Witmark an unusually keen judgment of ballads. His ability to "pick a winner" has been proved by results, regarding which it is only necessary to point to the remarkable collection of household and stage favorites contained in the Series. As far back as 1891 some of the best English ballads of the time were brought home by Isidore Witmark, returning from his first trip to Europe in search of agencies for the firm. Julius, asked if he wanted to keep them, prophetically, as events proves, said, "By all means; some day we'll build up a catalog of just such songs." Appropriately it happened that these pieces had black and white title pages.

Originally, the Witmark issues were called "Our Black and White Series," but to identify the output, as well as protect the firm, the name was changed to its present form, and the catching trade-mark adopted. The sixth of June this

year was a double Witmark anniversary.—It was the eighteenth birthday both of Julius P. Witmark, Jr., and Witmark Black and White Series. Eighteen years previously the arrival of the heir gave birth to the thought in the mind of the proud father of identifying the family name with the body of song already enjoying summertime growth. The boy has just completed his first year in Columbia College, from which he will graduate in 1925, but already his father is coaching him in balladry publishing science. So the Witmark Black and White Series, in addition to being a big commercial success, has sentimental and historic phases. For Julius P. Witmark it is a song of life, a lived ballad of the joy of service and the music of love.

The Master Mind of the Exposition Field is Stilled

CHICAGO has lost an eminent citizen whose life career has left an impress, extending far beyond all boundaries of the nation. The late F. J. V. Skiff possessed a master mind, and one that projected thought into achievement. He was associated with all the great expositions of the country in an executive capacity. His experience extended from the Columbus Exposition in Chicago to the Panama Exposition in San Francisco, each one an expression of his ideals.

Born in Springfield, Massachusetts, Dr. Skiff early in life journeyed to the West and located in Colorado. From Denver he was called to take up his great life work as an exposition executive in Chicago. His work abroad on diplomatic missions proved a cosmopolitan test, for he soon had friends everywhere. He seemed to understand human nature in all its aspects. Although he never held political office, he fulfilled all the requirements of a statesman. The diplomatic history of the country contains many chapters in which his modest work appears.

Dr. Skiff was the builder of the famous Field Museum, which will remain a monument to his memory as much as to that of the generous founder. He knew how to gather and absorb ideas for the public *en masse*. He has helped hundreds and thousands of young men with his advice and counsel. Broad, sympathetic views and clear vision and judgment mark Dr. Skiff as an American citizen of the highest type in his day and generation. Until the very last did he pursue his life ideals, planning and advising, in the Tercentenary commemoration, the Landing of the Pilgrims scheduled for 1925.

The Super-Steward of Hoteldom and His Famous Sauce

TRADITION has it that stewards in a hotel are decidedly impersonal factors of the management; their personality should be submerged in new and original ideas for the day's menus! Their wooden-like images should mean to hotel loungers, guests, and the like, only that service has come, is now at hand to please, to satisfy!

There is, however, one hotel of great repute in New York, viz., the Waldorf-Astoria, that claims exemption from tradition of this calibre. There you will find the most unique character, a steward by name of Oscar Tschirky, who in a great measure has been held responsible for the fame the Waldorf has acquired.

"Oscar" is known and loved by millionaires and two-penny salesmen alike. He is a two-legged guarantee of satisfaction and genteel service, and has meant this much to the management of the Waldorf for more than a quarter of a century.

This *maitre de hotel* was known, prior to his co-operation with Boldt of the Waldorf, as the steward aboard a private yacht. He has been decorated with a Legion of Honor and deserves another, for having introduced into the realms

of hotel world in New York, the famous "Oscar Sauce," to be appreciated with oysters. This latter delectable commodity is a chopped piccalilli mixture, that makes you want to come again and sample it.

"Oscar" spells headquarters for a sort of emergency siege a hotel management is able to undergo. He attends to funerals, honeymoons, babies, and is labeled the hotel diplomat. He holds himself responsible for such a heterogeneous mass of ills, misfortunes and miseries on the part of his guests as to make it impossible for the latter to recognize in any one else a harbor of refuge.

The waiters all emphatically declare that to be under the guardianship of "Oscar" one week means a literal transformation from inefficiency to the highest point of efficiency. When this dispenser of perfect service roams about the dining room, every salt-cellar is in its place; every waiter "looks to"!

When conventions are in session, "Oscar" springs into action and remains a "live wire" all throughout! It is his unassuming aspect of desiring to please that endears him to all with whom he comes in contact. There was never a more appropriate man born for the job!

A Democratic Senator Who is an Ultra-Progressive

WHAT'S in a name? Echo again must answer Mr. Shakespeare, for nobody else can, if reference is to the political tag of the senior Senator from Oklahoma. By the way, the twin seniority of the Oklahoma delegation, which existed in point of service, was ended when Senator Gore, the talented blind Solon, went up Salt River in front of the Republican tidal wave last November. He was the junior of Senator Owen in age by fifteen years, lacking two months, but both took their seats for the first time in the



JULIUS P. WITMARK, JR.

Destined to carry on the high ideals of his music publishing family

Senate the same day. Mr. Gore drew the short-term, and so his third term came to an end when that of his colleague had four years still to run, ending in 1925.

Well, what is in the name Democrat, which Senator Robert Latham Owen accepts, at least for purposes of identification, when the man's principles and practices stamp him as a Progressive of the Progressives? True, he was a member

of the Democratic national committee away back from 1892 to 1896, and the latter year was on the sub-committee that drew the platform. Democracy, however, is not the particular source from which Senator Owen derives such articles



HON. ROBERT LATHAM OWEN

United States Senator (Democrat) from Oklahoma. He has the united support and confidence of the people of his state

of faith as the cloture, the short ballot, the preferential ballot, the initiative and referendum, and, according to his presumably autobiographed confession in the Congressional Directory, "a gateway constitutional amendment as the needed mechanism of government through which to make practicable the rule of the majority of the people and overthrow plurality nominations, elections, and, thereby, government by self-seeking minorities." All that sounds more like the rubrics of Rooseveltism and the "pop" of Populism than the voice of an oracle of the Unterrified.

Senator Owen, all joking aside, has proved that he can deliver the real progressive goods, without reference to the political cult of that designation. His long career of training as teacher, editor, lawyer, banker and business man secured him practical recognition in the Senate when he was made chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. In that position he managed the passage of the Federal Reserve act and the Farm Loan act. The first of these has saved the country from panic, and the second is the best defense of American agriculture against disaster. As to the remainder of Senator Owen's catalogue of progressive ideas, time only will tell the extent to which they may become the basis of wholesome legislation. Only may it now be said that the sincerity of Senator Owen's motives cannot be questioned, any more than his powers of persuasion can be despised. There are too many imitators among our lawmakers. We can do with more originators like this Oklahoma statesman.

Born in Lynchburg, Virginia, sixty-five years ago February 2, last, Robert Latham Owen was of Scotch-Irish and Indian ancestry. His mother belonged to the Cherokee nation and was honored by her son in his active promotion of the welfare of her race. Mr. Owen was secretary of the Board of Education of the Cherokee nation for three years, and the last year of that period was editor and owner of the *Indian Chieftain*, published at Vinita. The next four years he was United States agent for the Five Civilized Tribes.

Graduating as master of arts from Washington and Lee University in 1897, he was honored with the degree of doctor of laws by the same insti-

tution in 1908. He began the practice of law in 1890, the following year beginning the public services already noted. In 1889 he married Daisy D. Hester. Mr. Owen organized the first National Bank of Muskogee and was its president from 1890 to 1900. He is interested in banking, real estate and farming. His three elections to the Senate were signalized by remarkable evidences of public confidence. The first was by unanimous vote of the Democrats in the Oklahoma legislature, and the second—after a nominating plurality exceeding that of his party's national ticket by 14,619 votes—was by the vote of every member of the legislature with none absent nor shirking. His latest nomination was by 48,000 majority, and election by a plurality of 36,066.

Senator Owen is a prince among "joiners," being scheduled as Episcopalian, 32nd degree Mason, Shriner, Knight Templar, Elk, Moose, M. W. A., different Indian mysteries "etc." (The etcetera my own notation.)

This Lawyer Knows All About Railroad Rates and Service

FOLLOWING the career of a young boy friend from kilts to the full sign of manhood, as he makes his way in the world is like watching the real race in life. The fact that I knew Alvord L. Bishop as a lad in kilts does not necessarily mean that I am old—but it means that Alvord Bishop has had a busy life and matured early.

After graduating in law, he followed in the footsteps of his distinguished father, Chief Justice Charles A. Bishop of the Supreme Court of

commercial agent for the Minnesota and St. Louis Railway and the Pere Marquette Railroad at Cleveland. In these activities he was laying a foundation for a career, which later resulted in his specializing in rate, railroads, and interstate



ALVORD L. BISHOP

Leading authority on interstate commerce and transportation problems

commerce litigation. He is the author of "Bishop's Interstate Commerce Commission Citations." This dry stuff was to him a Deadwood Dick romance—he ate it up. He began the practice of law in Cleveland and was soon known as an authority on transportation rates and service the country over.

He spent many years dealing with controversies which arose between the public and the railroads; he served as an intermediary between these two interests, which resulted in his adjusting difficulties, and securing movement of traffic, expeditiously, in the interest of all concerned. This enabled him to readily discern the true elements in all phases of transportation problems. His faculty of applying reason and law to facts, and reaching a remedy, has further enhanced his reputation as an authority.

It was quite natural that his friends should have suggested his name to President Harding as eminently qualified for a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission. Although young in years, his wide experience naturally carried his name to the President's mind in connection with this work.

The Antipodal Republic Gets Acquainted With Uncle Sam

FEW people realize that Australia is greater in area than the United States, and has resources almost as varied.

In truth, I sometimes recognize an existing affinity between Americans and Australians. They act like Americans; they dress like Americans, and they are often mistaken for Americans. This tie is probably strengthened because of the fact that we received the Australian ballot. The Australian finds other things to engage him that have in them an element of similarity to the American. He has great deserts to conquer; he loves sport of any kind; it is most natural there should be a sort of affinity in existence.

A sudden realization of this fact was awakened



Photo by Marceau

MRS. MARY FELS

She is trying to interest the Jewish people in rebuilding the Temple of Solomon

Iowa—and hung out his shingle. The shingle was not for long then—there was a call to colors. He served in the Spanish American War, and then began right at the bottom in a local freight office as a freight clerk, studying rates. Later he became commercial agent for the Iowa Central Railway in Indianapolis and Chicago, and later

by all those who met or read of Mark E. Sheldon, Commissioner from Australia, who recently came to New York. Here in his office he is surrounded with samples of all the woods and different products from his native country. All

his seventy-one years a jest, has a personality that engages and pleases everybody on sight.

Cyrus Hermann Kotschmar Curtis upsets the theory that a long name fastened on the child is a drag upon the success of the man.

Perhaps, though, this is because for workaday purposes he has held down the middle links of his sequipedalian cognomen to their initials. In the more important terminology of character he has made "a good name" while acquiring "great riches" of vocational substance, and thus avoided the dilemma Solomon prescribes, of making one of these benefits the alternative of the other. His career has been long and steadily upward, taking it from the time when, a young man of twenty-six, he went to Philadelphia from his native city of Portland, Maine. This was forty-five years ago. Mr. Curtis was born June 18, 1850, and educated in New England public schools.

His first venture in the City of Brotherly Love was as publisher of the *Tribune and Farmer*. Later he established the *Ladies' Home Journal*, that marvel of periodical journalism, today a brightener of millions of lives. Mr. Curtis is the head of the Curtis Publishing Company, which puts forth, besides the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Country Gentleman* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, the last-named weekly, established by Benjamin Franklin in 1728, being probably by large odds the most popular literary magazine in the world. Its circulation is colossal, having some time ago passed the two-million mark.

By his acquisition on January 1, 1913, of *The Public Ledger*, made world-famous by the lamented prince of journalists and philanthropists, George W. Childs, he became one of the leading newspaper publishers of America. Under his direction *The Public Ledger* well maintains its glorious traditions in point of character, while keeping up with the progress of the times in every practical function.

In housing his various publications Mr. Curtis has aimed at securing model establishments within and without. His business edifices are among the architectural ornaments of Philadelphia. Their interior arrangements and equipments are ideal. Editors and publishers from everywhere visiting the city make it a religious privilege to inspect and study the printing and publishing facilities of the Curtis plants.

A Lifetime Honeymoon That Did Not End With Death

LOVE that outlasts the life of the loved may not be so rare as some think who allow their minds to dwell on divorce court stories. Happy wedded lives furnish nothing for the front page to make papers sell, otherwise wretched tales of connubial infelicity would figure smaller in news value than they do.

"Until death do us part" the mutual troths are plighted at the altar, but many a man and many a woman, with regard to the vow "to love," extend the pledge beyond the parting. Memorials and monuments all over the land tell this

truth. Of such is the Sheetz mausoleum in Washington.

Years ago in a small Pennsylvania town there bloomed a honeymoon that continued the longest and sweetest of any I have ever known. It was then that Eli Sheetz was married. When the minister administered the vow "Until death do us part," he sealed the plighted troth that was loyally kept in the sunshine of many happy years, and death itself has not seemed to effect a parting.

When I first knew Mr. and Mrs. Eli Sheetz their union was a companionship ideal, ruling his business and his work. His only thought first and last was his wife. And her gentle and cheery spirit never seemed to have another thought than for others, proving herself a companion and helpmate in the truest and sweetest sense of the word. Mrs. Sheetz was a remarkable woman. How often in life we find wonderful characters in the sequestered beauty of a lovely home! A year ago I met Mr. Sheetz, whose name and fame as the maker of Martha Washington candy were known throughout the



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CYRUS H. K. CURTIS

Head of the great Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia

country. He has a personality more interesting and charming than many who are more frequently in the public eye. His whole life has been a flood of kindness.

Back of his benign traits visible to outside view, I found there stood a guardian angel in the form of his life partner, who imparted the joy of home, which is ever a wellspring of action. Their mutual fondness began as boy and girl, and when they joined their lives in the sacred bonds it was to make happiness for themselves and others. When Mrs. Sheetz passed away, it did not seem like death, for one could not conceive of such a beautiful life ending. To all who knew husband and wife their devoted



MARK SHELDON

Commissioner in the United States for the Commonwealth of Australia

this reveals at a glance what Australia can furnish America, aside from its great staple of wool.

The "big idea" involved in this appointment is the fact that the world is gradually feeling the urge of coming closer together; that the resources of the world are as great and vast as ever, as it is also true with our own country. We move our "chess-men" about the board of the globe, so as to gain most expeditiously and wisely what we need; at the same time we give to other countries in exchange what they most demand.

The presence of Sheldon with his mingling of Americans here, has done more to make Australia known in America than could possibly have been effected through consular representatives of the government. He approaches the problems of commercialism between nations with a business attitude that is, after all, the genius of the age.

In speaking at the various gatherings, he has brought about an understanding that could not have been accomplished had it been filtered through the processes of governmental positions. There are few men who know Australia as well as does Sheldon. His earnest and enthusiastic friendship is working wonders over here.

World Figure in Publishing Field was Born in Pine Tree State

BUSTLING man of affairs, late nineteenth-century type, with close-trimmed beard; sedate of mien, sturdy in build, unhalting of gait, deliberation and integrity shown in level glance from kindly eyes, Philadelphia's great publisher,

conduct, from youthful bloom to silvery hair, was an inspiration.

When they first launched the Martha Washington candy, Mr. Sheetz began his work with the zeal of a crusader, believing he had the right-made and the recognized product. Many times was the warning finger of the bright-faced wife in the window lifted, when he was giving it away, indicating that the limit had been reached, that giving must cease and some gains should be made. The business was just like the home and family spirit.

There was mutual rejoicing over every trophy secured for the great collection of mirrors, violins, and what not that have made the little store on 12th Street in Washington a veritable museum, visited by thousands of sightseers. Eli Sheetz and his wife shared all their joys with others.

In her walks about Washington, Blanche Sheetz had selected a spot, under spreading trees, for her last resting-place. When she passed away, she was borne to Rock Creek Cemetery and laid away in the very spot she had chosen beneath the widespread trees. Here her husband has built a mausoleum of solid granite, as beautiful as any cottage could be made. Shining in the window is a figure of Christ, which is mirrored in doors and floors. Every day Mr. Sheetz visits this little shrine with flowers. Never has been shown more ardent devotion by a bridegroom to his bride.

What an inspiration her life has been! What bridegroom more tender and true to the bride of his youth and the bride of silvered age, the bride for all time, than Eli Sheetz, as "whom God hath joined" no man or time itself has put asunder. The sweet, sacred, eternal vows spoken in that little Pennsylvania village these many years ago with him still remain a sacred trust.

The Forces of Righteousness Descend Upon Naughty "Movies"

IT was an interesting gathering that assembled at the Ebbitt House for the Congress of Mothers and Parent Teachers' Association. A great deal of earnest work was done in preparing for the campaign for a million members. The censorship bill has passed in Massachusetts and New York, and appears to have been a popular feature in the legislature for the biennial session of the various state legislatures.

The program agreed upon for cutouts among motion picture men, naturally followed by state censors, is to eliminate the soul kiss, sex appeal, illicit love affairs, scenes which depict nakedness, white slavery themes, salacious titles. Mr. William A. Brady, president of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, gave the Convention a list of seventeen "noes" which covered the scenes to be barred, and went further and insisted that stories emphasizing bloodshed, violence without justification in the structure of the story, and vulgar and improper gestures, postures and attitudes would also be barred. So altogether it looks like clean screens for the coming years with the watchful eyes of the censors abroad in the land.

Steel Magnate is a Fearless Contender for the Rights of Free Labor

FROM a boy on a farm to the head of one of the biggest corporations in the world is a long reach. In itself it is not unusual in this land of opportunity, but this case is different from the traditional self-made example. This farm boy became a steel man, but he did not go from the farm to take a boy's job in any steel workshop. As a boy the chief interest he took in steel was probably centered in his first pocket knife.

For a career the law was the first love of Elbert Henry Gary, and he rounded out almost an

average lifetime in that profession, making his mark in it before blooming forth as a steel magnate. Instead of carrying his head full of public school knowledge into the molding shop of a foundry, he went to college, emerged therefrom with honors and became a lawyer. Comparatively late in life, after attaining a judgeship, he grasped an opportunity whereby he made a commanding place for himself in big business.

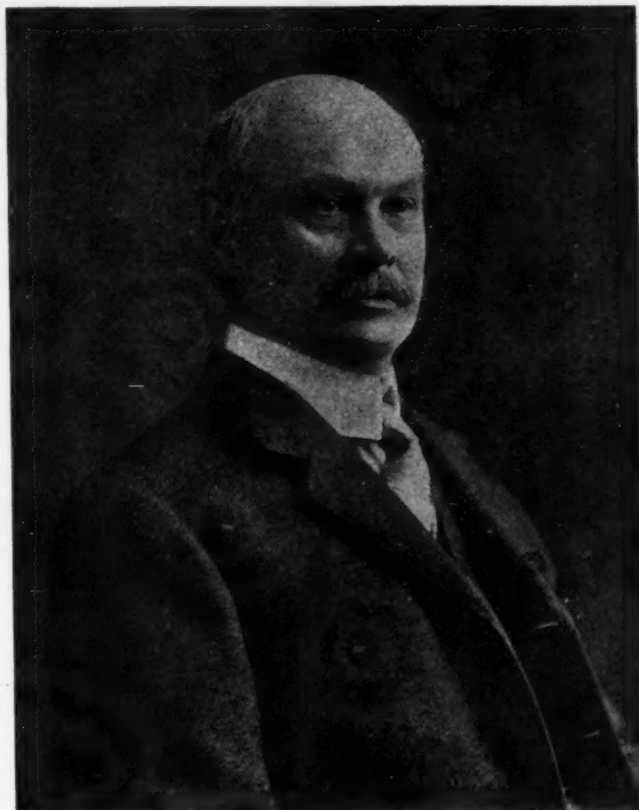
Although he did not toil his way up through shop or counting room, like some others who have won distinction, Mr. Gary's life is none the less a splendid example to set before youth. Likewise, it furnishes a wholesome stimulus to men of maturity. It demonstrates that opportunities in this country are limited only by the vision to see and the ability to seize them. Many a middle-aged or even elderly man may be resigned to coasting down an outworn track on flat wheels with rusted bearings, when he might jump aboard a better car waiting on a switch and finish his journey with benefits to himself and others greater than his ambition, lulled to slumber, had conceived it possible to achieve.

Opportunity seen and seized was Judge Gary's stepping-stone to the place he holds. This fact he does not hoard as a secret of success, but points out to the generation just coming upon the stage of life's activity. A few days ago he told Syracuse University students in a commencement address that the people of the United States have the greatest opportunity for success in every department of worthy endeavor. The expression that "the world owes each individual a living" was too frequently used; and it was foolish to endeavor to support that claim by citing the acknowledged principle that all men are created free and equal. This meant, Judge Gary said, no more and no less than the right of equal protection and opportunity.

In the same address he maintained that capital is necessary to the progress and prosperity of every country and any people. The only alternative to it, he pointed out, is the anarchy and sovietism now gnawing at the vitals of Russia. He described this Russian system as a poison in the natural scheme of national and individual life which would end in destruction. Capital and labor recognize their interdependence, but outsiders often seek to antagonize them, Judge Gary said, adding that the majority of employers or managers of business are more solicitous for the welfare of the workmen and do more to promote their comfort and happiness than outsiders ever have done or are disposed to do.

Elbert Henry Gary was born on his father's farm near Wheaton, Illinois. Following his course in the public schools, he attended Wheaton College and the University of Chicago, winning the degree of bachelor of laws from the latter in 1867. Later in life he received from four institutions the degree of doctor of laws, and from the University of Pittsburgh that of doctor of science. Admitted to the Illinois bar in 1867, and to that of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1882, Mr. Gary was in the general

practice of law in Chicago for twenty-five years. He was president of the Bar Association of that city in 1893-4. His title of judge was earned by service of two terms on the bench of Dupage County Court. For three terms he was president



JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY

Chairman of the Board of Directors of United States Steel Corporation

of the town of Wheaton, and its first mayor, for two terms, when it had become a city.

Having been connected with the organization of the Federal Steel Company, he retired from law practice to become its president, and he was prominently identified with the organization of the United States Steel Corporation, of which he is chairman of the board of directors and of the finance committee. He is president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, a trustee of Northwestern University, a member of the Society of Colonial Wars and of the Sons of the American Revolution. In 1917 he was a member of the United States Section of the International High Commission. After sharing his life for thirty-three years, his first wife died in 1902, and in 1905 he wedded Emma Townsend. Their home is 856 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Paraphrasing the tribute of the Jews to a certain notable, it may be said of Judge Gary, "He loveth our nation and hath built us a city." Gary, Illinois, a model city of workmen's homes, was founded by him. A great soul, he embodies in large portion the soul of America. His experience, his judgment, his achievements, give weight to his every utterance. In these times of discordant counsels, his voice is one that the people will do well to heed.

Our New Ambassador to Japan a Man of Splendid Attainments

AMERICA has no permanent diplomatic establishment from which ambassadors and ministers are turned out, as pedagogues for public schools are supplied by normal institutions. Representatives of the United States at

foreign capitals are chosen through executive patronage the same as Presidential appointees to positions at home. Politics, therefore, is an element in their selection, but happily seldom



CHARLES BEECHER WARREN
*Recently appointed Ambassador to Japan
by President Harding*

the prime consideration. Fitness for the dignity and delicacy of such posts, together with knowledge of domestic and foreign affairs and international law, are usually sought. So, although American diplomats hold only temporary official tenure, there have been few misfits in the service.

President Harding has made what appears to be an ideal appointment of ambassador to Japan. In every respect above-mentioned, Mr. Charles Beecher Warren of Detroit, nominated on June 24, completely fills the bill. At the same time the distinction has been politically earned, for Mr. Warren was Michigan's delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention in 1908, and has been a member of the Republican national committee and its executive committee since 1912. So much for the least consideration from the viewpoint of the people's interests.

Mr. Warren is a master in international law, not merely as a student, but from actual service. In two of the most critical and involved controversies between the United States and Great Britain, within the past quarter of a century, he was one of this country's counsellors. He was associate counsel for the United States before the Joint High Commission to determine the Behring Sea claims in 1896, when this country won everything claimed. In 1910 he was counsel for the United States in the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration with Great Britain before The Hague Tribunal, which resulted in an equitable and mutually satisfactory settlement of long-vexing questions between the two Powers. In the American Society of International Law, Mr. Warren is a member of the executive committee.

Born at Bay City, Michigan, April 10, 1870, his age of fifty-one years, while not making him old for the eminent position, gives him a maturity that will not be without prestige in his contact with the "elder statesmen" of the Empire of the Rising Sun. At the age of twenty-one Mr.

Warren received the degree of bachelor of philosophy from the University of Michigan, the same institution conferring the degree of master of arts on him in 1916. He graduated as bachelor of laws in 1893, when twenty-three years of age, from the Detroit College of Law. The same year he began the practice of law, being associated with Don M. Dickinson until 1900, and latterly has been head of the firm of Warren, Cady, Ladd & Hill.

Mr. Warren long ago proved an experienced business man, being a director of the National Bank of Commerce and many other companies for which he is counsel. In 1914-16 he was president of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce. Also he has a war record, having been commanding major in the Reserve Corps in 1917, later on the staff of the judge advocate general in Washington, promoted to lieutenant-colonel in 1918, and discharged in 1919. He was awarded the distinguished service medal.

Besides his high rank in the American Society of International Law already mentioned, Mr. Warren belongs to the bar associations of Michigan and Detroit. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and in religion an Episcopalian. His sociable character is attested by membership in six clubs of his home city and state, the



EVERIT B. TERHUNE
*Well-known publisher and international
business observer*

University Club of New York and Metropolitan and Chevy Chase Clubs of Washington. On December 2, 1902, he wedded Helen Wetmore of Detroit. The Warren home is at Grosse Pointe Farms.

We Need to Internationalize Our Young Men in the European Fashion

WHEN Everit B. Terhune returned from his latest trip abroad, he summarized conditions in the most graphic way. While we have resources of production and men of a caliber to engineer great and various enterprises, and the money to do it with, what we need most is to internationalize our young men.

"The ever-growing competition with eastern countries indicates that they are sending young

men into foreign fields, to become thoroughly acquainted with the racial traits of the people, to learn their language, grasp their business methods, analyze their foibles, and find out their year-in-and-year-out requirements for commodities. I consider the training of a small standing army of young men the best ground-work for a future great and predominating grasp on foreign trade.

"To internationalize our junior ambassadors of trade now is to start right, remembering that politeness is not always an intention to buy.

"By internationalizing our young men, by sending them to study methods of doing business in various lands, the trade of the future will be assured.

"Not even the blight of war has checked or hindered the trade of internationalizing young men in Europe."

Mr. Terhune's appeal is a call to arms, a challenge, that we take every advantage of the new and enlarged commercial responsibilities of the country.

The Worthy Son of a Notable Sire is Making a Mark

WHEN returning overseas after the armistice with the late George W. Perkins, I heard him talk often of his sons. Consequently when George Walbridge Perkins, Jr., one of these sons, begins to make a dent on public life, the hopes and ambitions of the father are recalled.

George W. Perkins, Jr., was born May 2, 1895, at Riverdale-on-Hudson. At the age of fifteen years he entered the Hill School at Pottstown, Pennsylvania. He was on the editorial board of the school newspaper and was instrumental in forming the Hill School Civic Club, which brought to the school such speakers as Theodore Roosevelt and Champ Clark, early evincing a deep interest on the discussion of public questions. He graduated from Hill in 1913 and entered Princeton. In college he was extraordinarily active in undergraduate affairs, with the



GEORGE W. PERKINS, JR.
*Great achievements may safely be expected of this
young man soon*

result that before he reached his senior year he was chairman of the Senior Council (the student self-governing body), president of the Philadelphian Society (the college Y. M. C. A.), and manager of the Varsity Crew, as well as a member of the University Debating Committee and of the Polity Club Executive Committee. In his senior year he resigned from his club and led the upper classmen who supported Richard F. Cleveland, the son of Grover Cleveland, in his revolt against the club system at Princeton.

During summer vacations in college, he worked as a cub reporter for a New York daily and made investigations for Mayor Mitchell's Food Supply Committee. Young Perkins entered the army in September, 1917, as a private. He received rapid promotion to the highest non-commissioned officer's rank and was awarded an appointment in the Third Officers' Training Camp, from which he graduated with honors.

He went overseas with the 77th Division, was sent to the Artillery School at Saumur, France, and was commissioned while there. On account of his standing at Saumur, he was appointed an instructor and remained there three months. On application, he was transferred to the First Division shortly before the armistice, and marched into Germany with the First Division.

During the winter of 1920 he acted as a member and executive secretary of the Princeton Endowment Fund Committee, which raised over eight million dollars for the university.

Since his father's death in the spring of 1920, he has taken charge of his estate. In addition to this work, he has studied during the past winter at Columbia, preparatory to undertaking teaching administration in the public schools.

Since his return from Europe he has been actively interested in welfare and civic activities in New York, and has been made a member of the Executive Committee of the Boy Scouts of America and of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. He is on the Executive Committee of the Young Republican Club and Honorary Vice-President of the Honest Ballot Association. He is also assistant to the president of the Joint Commission of the Palisades Interstate Park. He was married on June 19, 1917, to Katharine Trowbridge, of Princeton, New Jersey, who died on October 7, 1918, while he was in France. It was in November of that year his father made his last voyage overseas, after bidding his last farewell in the flesh to his devoted friend, the late Theodore Roosevelt, and to be with his son in the army in his hour of bereavement. The junior Perkins is made of the real stuff and is making his way in the world, just as a fond father would have desired.

This Colorado Man is Coming Along Quite Nicely—Thank You!

THERE is nothing I like better than to give the glad hand to comers. They are the hope of the country's future. "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime," and it is pleasant to depict such lives by way of making them read and known of all.

Among the comers on the clear horizon of the West, I notice Charles Hughey Small, lawyer, of Denver, Colorado. Although not quite forty-one years old, he has already made a versatile record of public service, one that warrants placing him in the ranks of "the coming men" of America. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Septem-

ber 2, 1880, he was educated in the University of Pennsylvania and the Kansas City School of Law, taking the degree of bachelor of laws. Starting in law practice with his father in Kansas



HATTIE GRACE RABE

America's foremost woman antiquary, whose rare collection of antiques, jewels and curios has been assembled from all parts of the world. Miss Rabe has visited nearly every country on the globe in quest of its most valuable antiques; and her show rooms in San Antonio have been visited by hundreds of our greatest celebrities and connoisseurs

City, Missouri, in his twenty-third year, he withdrew after seven years to enter the consular and diplomatic service. He was vice-consul-general of the United States first in Bogota, Colombia, and then in Guatemala City, from which he was appointed an attaché of the American legation in Santo Domingo City. Resigning in 1912, he resumed practice in Kansas City, but in 1915 removed to Denver.

From the start he was identified with children's welfare, being a member of the Missouri Child Labor Commission, 1903-10, and a delegate in 1915 to the National Child Labor Convention in Washington, D. C. Mr. Small was a member of the executive board of the Colorado Patriotic League, 1918-19, serving as chairman of the committee to investigate so-called German efficiency.

Mr. Small is a Republican. He belongs to the Denver Bar Association and holds membership in the Sigma Alpha Epsilon and the Lincoln Club. His home is at The Argonaut, Denver.

One of America's Foremost Antiquarians a Member of the Gentler Sex

SAN ANTONIO—the most beautiful and euphonic name ever given to an American city—is steeped in tradition, intrigue, patriotism, romance, and history. It is a blend or rather a composite of six civilizations, yet retaining a dash of them all; and what with the lure for authors, writers, and artists, it was but natural that it should attract one of the world's foremost connoisseurs of antiques, rare jewels and curios—

and in this case a woman! Here in her oriental shop, which has been visited by thousands of the world's greatest celebrities and collectors, she has assembled from every nook and corner

of the globe the priceless heirlooms of almost every nationality, those quaint symbols of religion, caste and racial history. From Mexico she brings the crucifix that hung in the palace of the Emperor Maximilian, done in ebony and gold; from Russia she brings the favorite emerald that once bedecked the hands of the late Czar Nicholas; from Germany a hand-wrought ivory stein belonging to Emperor William; from Italy, a rare and out of print book—"The History of the Kings of Italy"; and from the battlefields of France and Belgium intimate trophies purchased from the war-stricken families of those countries.

No explorer or adventurer ever traveled farther or suffered greater hardships in quest for fame than has Miss Rabe, just in order to get some rare jewel, some heirloom or antique, for this has been the passion of her life.

Though temperamentally a mystic, with a love for the oriental and bizarre, Hattie Grace Rabe is an exceptional business woman. She was born in Pernambuco, Brazil, of German parentage. Her early education consisted largely of travel and a close study of the career of Rahel Varnhagen, the most celebrated woman in Jewish history, and one of the outstanding figures in German culture; and it may be said that Miss Rabe's life closely parallels that of her great model and idol. She speaks and reads German, French and Spanish, and has an uncanny intuitiveness that seldom permits an error in judgment. Her love for children, in addition to many benefactions and charities, found expression in a volume of fairy tales tendered in poetic form, and shows her literary power and expression. Not her love for travel, but her passion for antiques, has taken her to the remotest corners of the globe—to Mexico, to Spain, to Alaska; and no sooner was

the armistice signed than she was bound for the battlefields of France, Belgium, and Flanders questing for an heirloom here and a rare jewel there.

In her capacity as owner of three elaborate antique stores she has met the majority of our greatest theatrical stars, writers, and celebrities, who do not regard their visit to San Antonio complete until they have visited her show rooms. She has patrons the world over, and her register reveals the names of Richard Mansfield, General Fitzhugh Lee, Helen Gould, Madame Nordica, Alma Gluck, Admiral Lyon, Rex Beach, Eleanor Robson, Olga Nethersole, and hundreds of other noted persons who have visited her establishment. It is one of the "shrines" of San Antonio, where worship the lovers of the beautiful.

Social Life in Rhodesia Vies With New York and London

AFTER spending eight years in Rhodesia, South Africa, where her husband was general manager of the four-million-acre ranch properties of the British South Africa Company, Mrs. Richard Walsh recently visited the United States and Canada and left with us a vivid and instructive description of the social life she has experienced in her new home. Contrary to general opinion, life in Rhodesia is quite as modern and cosmopolitan as in any American or European social center, the people going in for all forms of entertainment and recreation—dancing, elaborate dinners and hunting parties.

The women dress as well as they do in London or New York, and the men are equally as punctilious, and in fact the entire English population is of a very high social caste. Having traveled



MRS. RICHARD WALSH

Wife of the well-known Rhodesian cattleman, both of whom recently visited the United States and Canada. Before her marriage Mrs. Walsh was Miss Ruth Hamilton Fuller, member of one of the oldest and most prominent families in Canada, and grand-daughter of Bishop Fuller. With her husband she has traveled over a large part of the world, having made many trips into the most remote parts of Africa. She is a popular social favorite throughout Rhodesia and among the summer visitors at Cape Town and Muizenburg Beach

throughout the United States, the Orient, and Europe with her husband on many important business missions, Mrs. Walsh speaks with authority and from intimate first-hand knowledge.

It will be recalled that Richard Walsh was for many years manager of the Adair Ranch in Texas, the second largest ranch in the United States. Later he spent two years in Brazil, and went to South Africa eight years ago to become general manager of the vast ranches of the British South Africa Company, making an enviable record for himself and a success of the venture for the chartered company.

While accompanying Mr. Walsh on his inspection tours of the different ranches of the British South Africa Company, Mrs. Walsh has been able to visit and explore parts of Rhodesia where a white woman has never been before. To the half-savage natives she was a curiosity, some of them coming for many miles just to get a glimpse of her.

One thing the Rhodesian housewife does not have to worry about, and that is the servant problem—though the servants are all native

Kaffir men and boys, mostly the latter, as the men spend their time hunting or loafing, or in rare instances working as cowboys or herders. The native Kaffirs make excellent servants, and soon acquire a limited vocabulary of understandable English. All the farm and field work carried on by the natives is done by the women. Polygamy is the rule, the average native wife costing the husband about eight cows. In addition, to this he must pay the government a tax of five dollars when he marries, for which he receives a metal tag showing that he is married. The man can have as many wives as he can pay for, but the tax after the first one is only two dollars and a half.

There are approximately thirty thousand English people in Rhodesia, many of them being in the employ of the British South Africa Company, which virtually controls the political and financial affairs of the country. Rhodesia, which was added to the British Empire through the efforts of the late Cecil Rhodes, is the only country in the world governed by a chartered company.

According to Mrs. Walsh, the English women of Rhodesia are very independent, all being able to drive their motor cars, and all being expert rifle shots and hunters. Hunting, dinner parties, and dancing are the most popular forms of entertainment and recreation, except during the summer months, when everyone goes to the famous beach at Muizenburg, where the finest surfing in the world is to be had.

Regardless of their means or social position, everyone works in Rhodesia, and there could hardly be said to exist a leisure class. We are speaking now of the English people. Generally speaking, the social life of the two principal cities of Rhodesia—Bulawayo and Salisbury—is as brilliant and entertaining as in any other modern city. This is probably partially explained by the fact that all the English people in Rhodesia consider themselves as one large family, bound together by common ties and interests, with the same traditional culture and tastes. It is a little aristocracy in itself, whose members are of the best mannered gentlefolk, who have been attracted to Rhodesia through love of adventure or for business reasons. Excellent English schools have been established, and though isolated as it is, Rhodesia is a land of opportunity, of adventure, and rich experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. Walsh have returned to Rhodesia and will make their home at Bulawayo, near which city Mr. Walsh will conduct his ranch operations.

"A Native Son" of Whom the Golden State May Well be Proud

IF! Idle word! Still—"if" the fates, or rather some human marplots, had not kept Judge Hughes and Governor Johnson from meeting in California in 1916, the subsequent history of the United States might have been vastly different from what events have dictated.

Ability, courage and eloquence gave Hiram Warren Johnson nation-wide fame before he had revealed these qualities in national affairs. At the early prime of forty, when he had been practicing law for eighteen years, he was called to the staff of prosecuting attorneys in the San Francisco boodling cases, wherein leading officials and almost all the public utility corporations were involved. With startling results these trials had been running about two years, when in 1908 Francis J. Heney, the brilliant chief, was shot down in court while prosecuting Mayor Abe Ruef for bribery. Johnson was selected to take the place of the martyred protagonist of civic purification, and after a splendid fight succeeded in having the betrayer of a great city's honor sent to the penitentiary.

This triumph in the city-cleansing line naturally brought Hiram Johnson to the front as the

man to head a campaign for ridding the state of California of misgovernment. Two years later he was elected Governor for the term of 1911-15, and in that position not only had abuses corrected, but many reforms of positive nature carried out. Re-elected for the term of 1915-19, he continued the good work, solidifying that which had already been accomplished, but resigned in 1917 to enter the United States Senate for the term ending 1923. He was one of the founders of the Progressive Party in 1912, and as its candidate for Vice-President was Roosevelt's running mate that year.

Both in the last Congress and Presidential campaign Senator Johnson was among the most puissant opponents of the League of Nations. At last accounts he was still fighting against anything and everything that appeared to him as involving the least abatement of the absolute control of America's foreign relations by America. His course on this matter proclaims a personal independence that even those opposed to his views admire. On the other hand his positive



HON. HIRAM W. JOHNSON

The bright and shining light of the political way in California

character no doubt militated against his chances as a candidate for the Presidential nomination last year. His earnest support of Harding, however, emphasized his manliness of character, the more so because he being the foremost representative of the theretofore reconciled faction, some might have condoned aloofness on his part upon the ground that it was a negative protest against the seeming repression of the Progressive element in the convention.

Senator Johnson was born in Sacramento on September 2, 1866. His advanced education was received in the University of California, although he left it in his junior year. Starting as a shorthand reporter, he studied law in his father's office and was admitted to the bar in 1888. Beginning practice in Sacramento, he removed to San Francisco in 1902. He married Minnie McNeal in 1886, and they have two grown sons. Their home is at 857 Green Street, San Francisco. The Senator is a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West and in Masonry holds the rank of Knight Templar.

The Moving Picture World

Constance Binney contributes a sure-fire cure for the "blues." Colleen Moore gets a long-term contract from Marshall Neilan

ONE of the most important of recent items of financial news in the motion picture industry is that of the formation of R-C Pictures Corporation in New York, with a capitalization of \$4,000,000, with the object of acquiring and consolidating all elements of the motion-picture business now held and operated by Robertson-Cole Company Division of Films, Robertson-Cole Distributing Corporation, Robertson-Cole Realty Corporation and Robertson-Cole Studios, Inc.

R. S. Cole will be president of R-C Pictures Corporation, with a strong board of directors. Mr. Cole has been very closely identified with the motion-picture interests of the various organizations bearing the Robertson-Cole name since their inception three years ago, and has been a powerful factor in their growth and expansion.

Robertson-Cole has been identified with the motion picture business three years. In November, 1917, the great export house of Robertson-Cole became interested in handling films. The film division then consisted of two persons with desk room. At the time of the consolidation more than one thousand persons were identified directly with the organization in its various units. By March, 1919, it was necessary to establish its own headquarters, 1600 Broadway, and the growth continued so rapidly that now the organization occupies its own thirteen-story home office building at 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Robertson-Cole entered the domestic field on December 15, 1918, and now has its own exchanges in twenty-four American cities, handling splendid attractions which have found a ready sale all over the United States, with a strong and growing foreign demand.

Among the super-specials which the organization has distributed may be named the following: "The Beloved Cheater," "The Fortune Teller," "The Wonder Man," "Kismet," "The Stealers," "So Long Letty," "The First Born," "Seven Years Bad Luck," and "One Man in a Million."

The corporation announces that production

activities will shortly be resumed at its splendid studio at Hollywood, which is declared to be as complete and up-to-date as any in existence, and that a minimum of twenty-six productions will be made each year. These will include productions starring Pauline Frederick and Sessue Hayakawa, and other stars to be announced later; and a series to be known as The Directors' Series, to be directed by William Christy Cabanne, L. J. Gasnier and other directors equally well known.

CARLISLE FOOTBALL HERO TOURS COUNTRY WITH FILM

OSCAR BOY, full-blood Blackfoot at Glacier Park, and famous football hero, who recently graduated from Carlisle, is touring the country in connection with Marshall Neilan's "Bob Hampton of Placer," a western film in which the Indian appears.

The face of Oscar Boy has appeared on the front pages of newspapers on many occasions in connection with his football heroics. Like many other full-bloods, after learning the white man's ways and finishing a college course, he returned to his tribe to impart to his people all he had learned.

WINSOME COLLEEN MOORE

COLLEEN MOORE was born in Port Huron, Michigan, and it was in Tampa, Florida, that she first showed her dramatic talent and ambitions as organizer, manager, and star of "The American Stock Company." The shows put on by the little tots—Colleen was eleven then—drew patronage from the grown-ups of the neighborhood, as well as the children. Colleen wrote all the plays and always was the leading woman and the villain, her transfer to the latter role being evidenced by use of a flowing black mustache.

Her parents, however, intended her for a



COLLEEN MOORE

Marshall Neilan's popular young star, who recently was awarded a long term contract by Mr. Neilan as a result of her excellent work in "Dinty"

musical career, and from the age of five she has studied music with the piano as her specialty. A year spent at the Detroit Conservatory of Music gave her a diploma at the age of fifteen, and all preparations were made for her debut as a concert pianist.

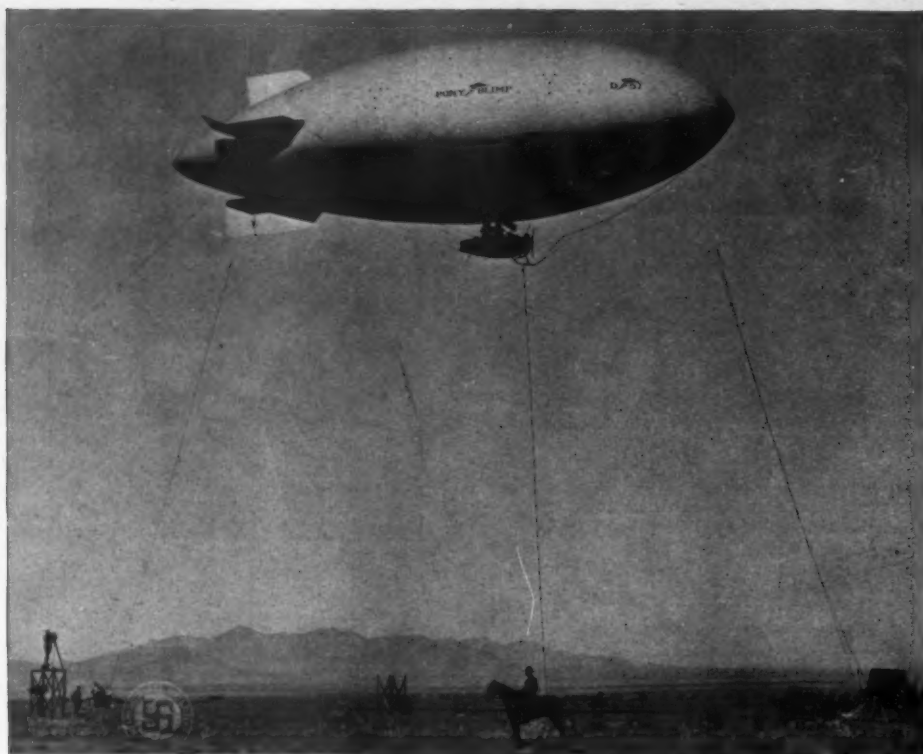
En route to her home with her mother, she stopped off to visit relatives in Chicago. She was introduced to D. W. Griffith at a chance meeting in the lobby of a Chicago hotel, and he was so impressed by her that he offered her an opportunity to go into motion pictures. Within a week she and her mother were on their way to California and two days after their arrival Miss Moore was cast in her first picture. The production was "The Bad Boy," featuring Bobby Harron, and she played the *ingenue* lead. Griffith was not slow in recognizing her talents, for after watching her work before the camera, he signed her to a long-term contract. Next she played opposite Harron in "The Old Fashioned Young Man," and opposite Wilfred Lucas in "Hands Up!"

When Griffith went to Europe she was still under contract, but was loaned to Universal as leading woman for Monroe Salisbury in "The Savage." Selig secured her for the title part in "Little Orphant Annie," and in this adaptation of James Whitcomb Riley's delightful poem she definitely proved her worth, for she played



THREE STARS IN MARSHALL NEILAN'S NEW PRODUCTION, "BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER"

James Kirkwood, Marjorie Daw and Wesley "Freckles" Barry



MARSHALL NEILAN PHOTOGRAPHERS IN "BLIMP," PICTURING A BATTLE SCENE ON THE ORIGINAL SITE OF THE FAMOUS GENERAL CUSTER MASSACRE, FOR "BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER," IN WHICH THOUSANDS OF INDIANS AND SOLDIERS TOOK PART

a difficult role with rare skill. Selig assigned her the title role in "A Hoosier Romance," from another Riley poem, and here again she won the plaudits of motion-picture followers.

Next she was leading woman for Charles Ray in "The Busher"; for Tom Mix in "The Wilderness Trail"; for Charles Ray in "The Egg-crate Wallop"; and for Monroe Salisbury in "The Man in the Moonlight." She was one of the featured principals in "Common Property," and returned to the Fox lot to play opposite Tom Mix in "The Cyclone."

After being featured in two Christie specials, "Her Bridal Nightmare" and "A Roman Scandal," she had the feminine lead in the all-star production, "When Dawn Came." Next she was Sessue Hayakawa's leading woman in "The Devil's Claim" and Charles (Chic) Sales' chief support in "The Smart Aleck."

Marshall Neilan cast her in the leading feminine role in "Dinty," Wesley Barry's initial starring vehicle. She went to Christie to be one of the principals in the film version of "So Long Letty," and following that engagement Neilan signed her to a contract.

CONSTANCE BINNEY'S CURE FOR THE BLUES

OH, I had the most violent attack of the blues this morning," confided adorable little Constance Binney to me as we sat at a tea-table in one of New York's nicest hotels.

"Blues? Why, you look as if you hadn't been seeing anything for days but rosy pink skies and bright sunshine," I said.

"Well, I'm really not a bit blue any more. I have the most wonderful cure for the blues. No sooner do I get them (and you know every blessed soul gets them once in a while), well, presto, chango, they're gone! Like that!—

snapping her dainty little fingers to give me an idea of how quickly the indigo shade became tinged with a roseate hue.

"What is this wonderful remedy for the universal sickness?" I asked. Everybody "I'll want to try it."

"Oh, it's an easy enough cure," she continued, balancing a cup of tea in one hand and a cookie in the other. "All you have to do is to go out and buy yourself some brand new clothes. Now, isn't that a simple remedy?"

"Simple enough if you have the wherewithal to buy the clothes," I replied.

"Oh, but you don't have to spend heaps of money. Just buying a bit of ribbon will make you forget you ever had the blues. A cure for the blues is only a matter of forgetting what you're blue about. And I don't know of any better way for a woman to forget her troubles than by shopping. Women love to shop and they'll take just as much time and interest in buying a bit of ribbon as they will in buying a fur coat.

"I don't know anything quite so effective as a bit of new clothing for cheering up a woman's spirits. It may be a new hat or a pair of stockings—or almost anything that will make you feel a bit better and smarter dressed. Whenever I feel low in spirits I just go out and buy something new to wear. It's a sure cure for the blues. You forget all about having ever been depressed in the search for your bit of finery—even though you don't find it—and if you do, in the pleasure of wearing it.

"But I won't have much time for shopping now, for I've started work on my next Realart picture. The tentative title is 'The Magic Cup' by E. Lloyd Sheldon, and it's a splendid story. John Robertson is directing it, so I know it'll be good. He's a wonder."

As I left her she called after me: "Don't forget my recipe for chasing those blues—just buy yourself some brand new clothes." And so I pass the advice on to you.

"BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER" MASTER WORK OF MARION FAIRFAX

BOB Hampton of Placer," Marshall Neilan's most spectacular film to date, is said to be the master work of Marion Fairfax, noted dramatist and author, who prepared the scenario.

Miss Fairfax has been associated with the Neilan organization for the past two years, and has been responsible for the scripts of such successes as "Dinty," "Go and Get It," "The River's End," "Don't Ever Marry," etc.

A CLOSE-UP OF MARSHALL NEILAN

ALTHOUGH one of the youngest, Marshall Neilan is also one of the foremost producers and directors of motion pictures.

He was born in California in 1891. While he was not yet twenty years of age, he joined a San Francisco stock company as "extra man," but did not remain in that capacity very long. His talents and intelligence soon attracted the attention of the director, and he was made the juvenile lead. He then went on the road with the famous comedian, Barney Bernard, but when D. W. Griffith's old Biograph studio began operations in Los Angeles, young Neilan foresaw the big future of the silent drama and joined the Griffith forces as an actor. He played leads for Biograph for some time, and then in turn was a member of Kalem, Universal, Selig, American, and Famous Players. He began his directorial career at the helm of the Ruth Roland pictures, and a little later became the guiding hand of the never-to-be-forgotten Ham and Bud Comedies for Kalem.

Some of his most famous productions are "Mice and Men," "The Silent Partner," "The Country Boy," "Freckles," "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," "Hit-the-Trail-Holiday," and "Hearts of the Wild."

In the past year Mr. Neilan has directed four of the greatest successes in the history of the Cinema: "The Unpardonable Sin," with Blanche Sweet; "Daddy Long Legs," starring Mary Pickford; "Her Kingdom of Dreams," with Anita Stewart, and "In Old Kentucky," also with Miss Stewart.

Besides being responsible for the success of a great many screen dramas, a number of the present-day film stars are indebted to Mr. Neilan.



CONSTANCE BINNEY

When she has the "blues" she goes out and buys a new hair ribbon and a chocolate marshmallow walnut college ice—and is completely cured

for the high places they have attained. Among his discoveries are Wesley Barry, the twelve-year-old "freckled"-faced kid, who is the brightest "diamond in the rough" that has appeared on

Man Who Cribbed," a college football drama in three acts. This play so impressed John Craig, the well known Boston actor and producer, then at the old Castle Square Theatre, that he took a



Marshall Neilan recently cornered the freckle market in Los Angeles in connection with the production of a new film, starring Wesley Barry. Wesley, who is in the center of this picture, claims there are a million freckles represented in this group. If you don't believe it, count 'em'

the surface of the great ocean of screen players in years.

At the completion of "In Old Kentucky," Mr. Neilan organized his own company, built a studio in Los Angeles, and is now producing and directing his own pictures under the name of Marshall Neilan Productions.

His first picture as an independent director and producer was "The River's End," an adaptation of James Oliver Curwood's famous novel of the same name. Later pictures are "Don't Ever Marry," "Go and Get It," "Dinty," and "Bob Hampton of Placer."

NEW FIRM OF PRODUCERS IN BOSTON

DURING the early part of the twentieth century two young school boys in short trousers, nine hundred miles apart, neither knowing the other, followed the same boyhood ambition. One, in the small town of Braintree, Massachusetts, a Boston suburb, earned spending money by writing for local newspapers and spent most of it directing an amateur group of players in a small theatre built in his parents' colonial homestead. This theatre boasted a real gridiron, curtains, painted drops, scenery, and a real orchestra of three pieces.

The other boy, when not buried deep in books concerning the theatre, was playing juvenile parts in a stock company on one of Chicago's most famous stages—the old Coliseum.

Fifteen years later, these two boys were destined to meet during a service performance, and afterwards to form a partnership which promises to help keep Boston a theatrical producing center. This newly organized enterprise had been formed by Lowell Ames Norris and A. Raymond Gallo, now publisher of *The Stage*, a new Boston Theatrical magazine. The project will be known professionally under the name of Norris and Gallo. Playlets, sketches of all kinds, plays and musical comedies will be produced. Up-to-the minute material will be supplied for the vaudeville stage.

Ten years ago, Mr. Norris, while writing for local newspapers and serving in an executive capacity on the Braintree High School paper, wrote and produced publicly his first play, "The

kindly interest in the young playwright, sent him a letter filled with suggestive criticism and expressed a desire to read over future productions from the pen of Mr. Norris. In 1918, after three years in social service, Mr. Norris was sent out from New York as publicity director for Boston War Camp Community Service, and in this capacity, as well as later for other organizations, staged and arranged many spectacular events. While publicity associate with the New England Headquarters of the War Savings Division of the



A. RAYMOND GALLO
Newspaperman, publisher, actor and manager,
enters the producing field

United States Treasury, a special theatre was built for the presentation of one of his plays in Boston's most exclusive hotels—the Copley Plaza.

Among his plays already produced, besides "The Man Who Cribbed" are "Happy Jack's Thrift Club," "His Dream Maid," a musical comedy; "The Mouse Girl," and others. In addition to his plays, Mr. Norris also has a pageant to his credit, "The Call of Tomorrow." This production is now in rehearsal and is scheduled for presentation in Boston early in July. Mr. Norris has also staged motion pictures for the Boston Chapter of the American Red Cross. In addition to his new work, Mr. Norris is associated with the editorial department of *The Stage* and among his duties edits a constructive department, *Behind the Footlights*, for those interested in stagecraft.

Mr. Gallo commenced his career when eight years of age in a Chicago stock company. Several years after coming to Boston, he commenced work as an office boy for the Newspaper Feature Service. While working in this capacity he was called to B. F. Keith's theatre, Boston, to fill a part in the headliner act, a comedy drama—"The American Ace." So successful was he in this act that a contract was offered him—then Fate in the form of the influenza epidemic closed all theatres and terminated his engagement. Six



LOWELL AMES NORRIS

Publicity director, newspaperman, author and playwright, now becomes a full-fledged producer

months after, Mr. Gallo took his own act out upon the road, returning after nine months of continuous and successful bookings. After playing several Boston houses, the act closed, and continuing his profession Mr. Gallo returned to Newspaper Feature Service to receive an appointment two months later as Assistant Manager of the Boston Branch.

All Norris and Gallo attractions will be written, rehearsed and produced at their production studio called "The Work Shop at Norcrest," at Braintree, Massachusetts. All productions will be staged in the Norcrest Theatre—now undergoing extensive alterations—the same theatre where Mr. Norris in the early days staged and produced his first creations, before leaving The Work Shop.



Hoots and Hoorahs!

by Sol M. Owl

SURE—HE LEFT HER A LOT

A prominent man recently died, and shortly after a friend of the family called to condole with the widow. The caller had been a very warm friend of the deceased, and as he was about to depart he asked:

"Did Will leave you much?"

"Oh, yes indeed," replied the widow, "nearly every night."



Fussy Diner: What do you call this?

Polite Waiter: That's bean soup, sir."

Fussy Diner: Well, take it away and bring me something that is soup.

MYSTERY OF THE AGES SOLVED!

"I wonder why a woman never throws straight. Do you suppose it is due to some fault in the construction of her arms?"

"Not at all! It is due to the fact that a woman never throws things until she is so mad she cannot see straight."

THE WOMAN WAS LUCKY

"This paper," said the man with a red nose, "tells about a horse runnin' away with a woman, and she was laid up six weeks."

"That ain't so worse," commented his listener. "A friend of mine once ran away with a horse, and he was laid up for six years."

"Affectionate blonde of domestic tastes, would correspond with widower. Loves children. No triflers considered. If you don't mean business, stay off." Address Daisy, Box 23, Brooklyn Eagle Office.



FOOZLING HIS APPROACH

"Maggie," said Jock, whose mind was made up to propose—and after they had talked about everything else for the last hour—"wasna I here on Sawbith nicht?"

"Aye, Jock, I dare say ye were."

"And wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"And I was here on Tuesday nicht?"

"Aye, ye did happen here on Tuesday nicht."

"And I was here on Wednesday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were, Jock; so ye were."

"And I was here on Thursday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinking that's so."

"Aye, this is Saturday nicht, and I'm here again."

"Weel, what for no? Ye are vera welcome."

"Maggie," desperately, "d'ye no begin to smell a rat?"



Our favorite candy is butter-scotch—what's yours?

NOT A LITERARY PURIST

Literary style, according to some critics, is unimportant. But isn't it? Here is an essay by a boy of nine on Oliver Cromwell:

"Cromwell was a wicked man and killed lots of men. He had a nose of copper hew, under which dwelt a truly religious soul."

MORE QUANTITY THAN QUALITY

"An' you were at MacDougal's last night—what kind o' mahn is he?"

"Leebral wi' his whisky, but the quality o' it's that indecferent I verra near left some in my glass!"

EXACT INFORMATION

Professor of Economics: "What is it that contributes more than anything else toward the high cost of living?"

Interested Student: "Father."

UNCLE SILAS SOLILOQUISES

"Wall, I swan! Ef this town ain't the be'tin'est place for bargains. Here I've bought seventeen shares in the town hall, and three acres of the public garden, and a bunch of riparian rights in the reservoir, and a couple of gold bricks, an' I've still got two dollars an' thuty cents left. Guess I'll buy me a red necktie and an oyster stew an' go to the movies. Won't Aunt Clem be 'sprised when I tell her all about it. Heh! Heh! Heh!"



LUCKY IT WASN'T ANGEL CAKE

But why did you eat the cake she baked?

"I wanted to make myself solid."

"Did you succeed?"

"I should say so. I felt like a ton of lead."

HIS CURIOSITY SATISFIED

Mr. Wayback—"Be yew the waiter?"

Waiter—"Yes, suh."

Mr. Wayback—"Dew yew know, I've been a-wonderin' all along why they called these places chop houses. I know now. Will you please bring me an ax? I want tew cut this steak."

BY ADVICE OF THE PLANETS

"Sadie went to an astrologer to find out when was the best time to get married."

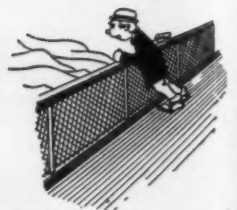
"What did he tell her?"

"He took one look at her and told her to grab her first chance."

—Judge

ILLUSTRATED POKER TERM

"Holding one small pair."—From "The Gambler's Handbook, or How to Win Money at Cards."



WANTED—By a traveling man, board and room in the country. Solitude and quiet desired. Address "Seasick," Railside, Ocean View, London, W. C.

CLOSE TO NATURE!

A little boy, during his country week, was given a drink of milk from a prize Jersey.

"Gee," he said, smacking his lips, "I wisht our milkman kept a cow!"

TAKING 'EM IN TURN

"Why do you get the pretty girls jobs first? Is that fair?"

"Best for all concerned," declared the head of the school of stenography. "The pretty girl soon marries her employer, and then there's a permanent job for one of the plainer young ladies."



PRE-PROHIBITION EXPRESSION

"Just a drop of brandy and soda."

SHOULD HAVE ASKED THE HEN

"See here, Rastus," complained the new arrival at the hotel, "do you mean to tell me that this egg is fresh?"

"It was when hit was laid, suh," replied the waiter.

"And when was that, pray?" demanded the guest.

"Ah dunno, boss," replied Rastus. "Dis year is mah first season at dis yere hotel, suh, and, therefoah Ah cain't tell."

Tapping Nature's Treasure Trove

Putting Montana on the Oil Map

The land of copper, coyotes and cattle, where they wear 'em with the hair outside, spouts liquid gold

IT was on the Main Street of Lewistown, Montana. I had joined the group standing in front of an erstwhile saloon which, like thousands of other saloons in the now arid—that is to say, semi-arid—regions, had been found to possess interchangeable parts and had been con-

By W. W. GAIL

verted painlessly and without disfigurement into a soda-pop emporium. And having just had the

information that what appeared to be a small lake in the picture in the window was composed of oil—O-I-L, oil—and that it was coming up out of the earth of its own free will and making its way unassisted into the Mussellsell River, observable in the left foreground, placidly percolating toward the Missouri a few miles north. Moreover, that it was luscious, light olive green oil, of a virgin purity to fire the passions of an oil hunter, not to say the cylinders of an antediluvian flivver. Likewise and similarly that never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—at least not since a certain large and choice stock had been ruthlessly consigned to the sub-soil—had any fluid of even approximately this description ever been known to spread in such unhooverlike abandon over the landscape of Montana.

"Mebbe so, mebbe so, but it looks purty much like water to me." The tone was even more cynical than the words.

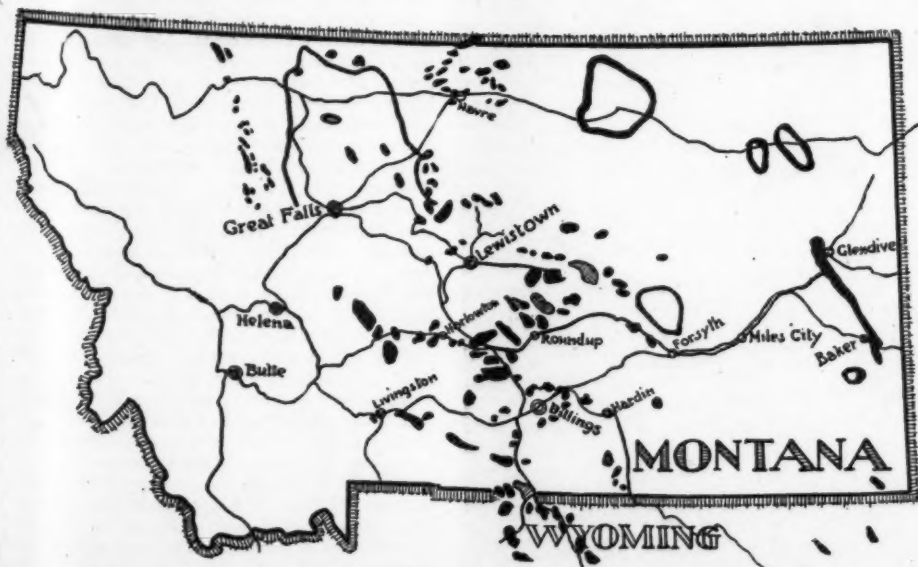
I was shocked, aggrieved, mortified! At last, after years of unsatisfied curiosity, on the receiving end of an incipient oil "boom," only to have my ardor thus dampened—yes, doused—right off the bat with cold water!

He had been in Montana "nigh onto" fifty years, long enough to get "rheumatiz" and water on the knee and maybe—since Nature and the majority of the citizenry had precipitated, morosely speaking, a hyphenated drought—water on the brain. So you couldn't blame him for being "from Missouri," nor can you blame other Montana folks—not all of them by a long shot—who are yet, in spirit at least, inhabitants of that particular oasis (so I am told) in the Great



CHRISTIAN YEGER

Banker of Butte, Montana, largely interested in the development of the oil fields in that state



A bird's-eye view of Montana as an oil state. The blotches are potential oil structures; the four shaded areas, proven fields



GORDON CAMPBELL

Geologist, who "spotted" Montana's first or "discovery" well, located in the Devil's Basin

American Desert. You see, they have been raising sheep and cattle, and copper and wheat and suffragettes and et cetera (as the typists will have it) for so many reels that they simply can't get their features set to register oil.

Not so the photographer who took the picture, that is not "after taking." For days word had



WALTER J. WINNETT

Montana pioneer and picturesque character, who owns the townsite of Winnett, and whose principal occupation, since oil was discovered at Cat Creek, is platting new subdivisions



Panoramic view of the entire west dome of Cat Creek field

been coming into Lewistown in that mysterious way word has, that liquid gold such as you read about in the magazines, was playing hob with the spring crop of sagebrush over in the Cat Creek country where "them fellers from Oklihomy" were drilling for oil. And he wanted to see for himself. Ordinarily the name wouldn't matter. But his name happens to be "Titter." They say that when he saw it, he did more than live up to his name. He laughed outright, much like untold millions of ordinarily composed people laughed on the eleventh of November, 1918—not without a note of hysteria.

"It's there all right," he said when he returned. And he knew. For he had seen it, felt it, smelled it, even tasted it. After hearing how he skidded down the precipices (they call them hills out here) with all four legs on reverse, and how they hauled him up with winze and cable, I, for one, was quite willing to take his word.

This was more than a year ago—on the day, to be historically exact, that the spring training season had closed; but weeks before that it had become known quite widely, say from each end and each side of the U. S. A. to the other, that crude oil of an almost unbelievable degree of refinement had been found in Montana. One well, however, does not make an oil field any more than one swallow makes a sinner. Wherefore, the mere fact that on February eighteenth in the year of our Lord 1920, in the eastern end of Fergus County, Montana, some eighty miles due east from the geographical center of the state (monopolized by the city of Lewistown) a paraffin base oil testing forty-seven degrees Baume gravity (in magazine English, more than fifty per cent pure gasoline) was found in commercial quantity, proved nothing except that there was oil "in etc." as above described. However, comma, the fact obtrudes that since said date—February eighteenth, 1920, namely, to wit, aforesaid—a new oil stampede has been in progress, gathering momentum at every jump, until today not only the eyes of the oil world, but a large share of the feet, are on Montana.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way." That was when they were building the railroads.

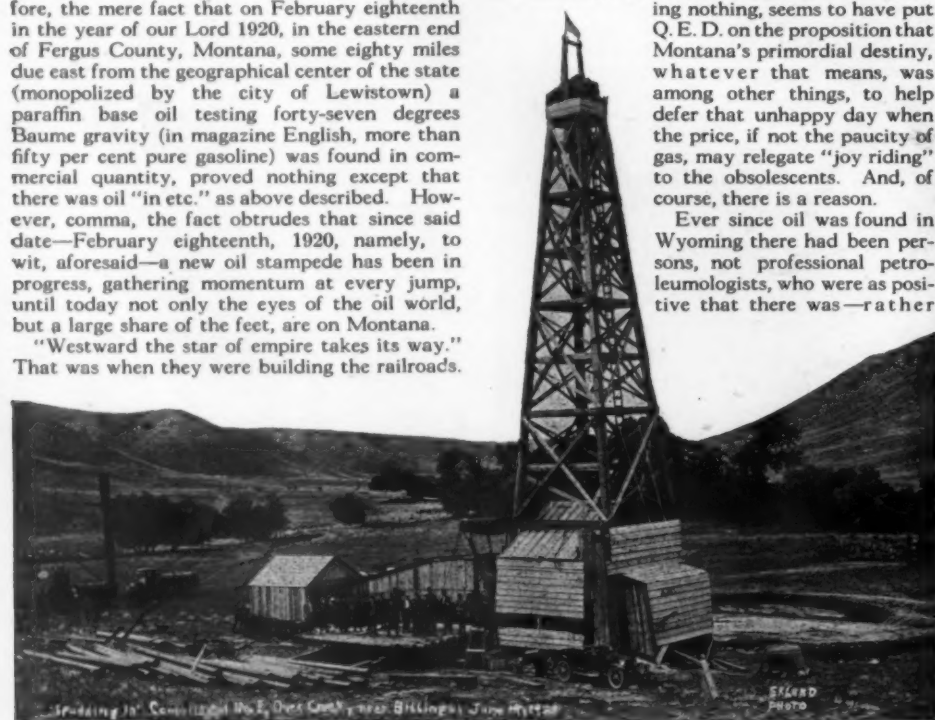
"Northward" it reads right now, and with a footnote—"And Oil is King." For the last ten years or so, the vortex of the oil maelstrom has been scooting around the country like a cockroach. It shot up into Wyoming, then darted down into the Southwest, and from there into Kentucky and back to the plains, and for the last five years or thereabouts has been dashing hither and thither 'twixt Texas and Oklahoma and Louisiana and Texas, not to mention sundry other amiable commonwealths. Now the magnates, and the maggots as well, are hitting the high places for Montana. Nor is there the slightest thing to indicate the slightest doubt on the part of oildom in general that Montana is a petroleum producer de luxe with streamline body, Louis the Fourteenth upholstery, and all the other 1925 refinements, including a batting average around the 400 mark. In short, the discovery hereinbefore alluded at, while proving nothing, seems to have put Q. E. D. on the proposition that Montana's primordial destiny, whatever that means, was among other things, to help defer that unhappy day when the price, if not the paucity of gas, may relegate "joy riding" to the obsolescents. And, of course, there is a reason.

Ever since oil was found in Wyoming there had been persons, not professional petroleumologists, who were as positive that there was—rather

is—oil under Montana as that there is sky above it. Partly, of course, the hope was paternal progenitor of the cogitation. Yet, to logical thinkers, as well as to myself, this conviction had behind it a perfect chain of circumstantial evi-



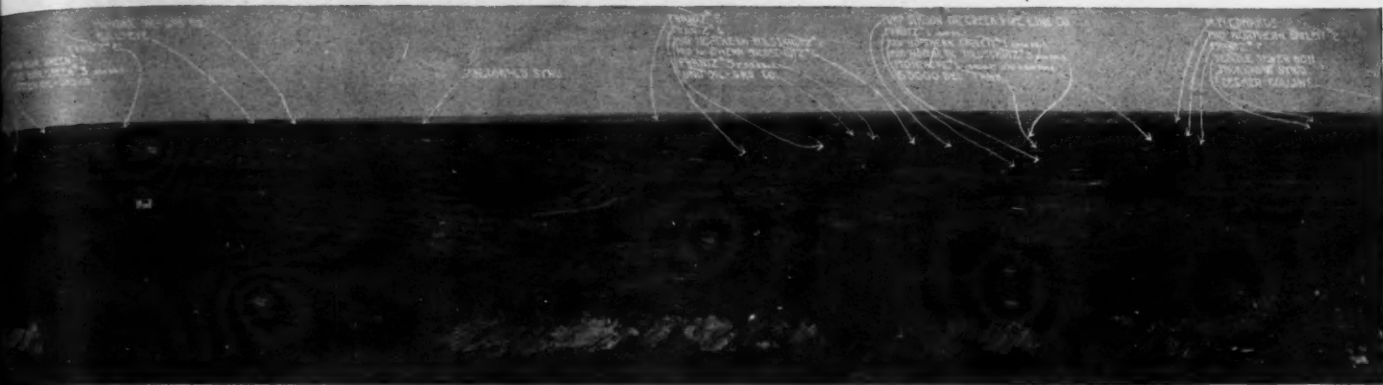
A daily sight—oil-tank cars loaded with high-grade oil from the Cat Creek field leaving Winnett, Montana, for the refinery



"Spudding in" a wildcat well near Billings

dence. Speaking geologically, the two states spring from the same ancestral stock and were born on the same pristine morn. Geographically, likewise, they are twin sisters. In their facial characteristics they bear striking resemblance. All outward and visible signs seem to indicate the same inward and spiritual grace, oleagiously speaking. And oil, oodles of oil of very high grade, was found some six years ago in the Elk Basin just below the state line. It was one hundred per cent absurd that oil would come so far north and then be stopped dead still in its tracks by a mere political boundary line. In point of fact Nature had spilled quite a bit of the Elk Basin on the Montana side, so the state has been listed among the producers ever since. But nobody—at any rate no loyal Montanan—ever felt that oil had been found in Montana, for this had plainly been planned as a Wyoming field and her sister state could claim no credit for an obvious accident.

So the quest began. Secretive strangers, the Pearys of petroleum, roamed the country from the foothills of the Rockies to the Dakota border, from the edge of the Elk Basin to the Canadian line. Less secretive home folks, frankly dreaming of mollycoddle winters in Southern California, joined in the chase; oftentimes led it. It developed that eastern Montana was completely cootie with "perfect structures." That is to say, they were nine-reel feature fields provided merely that there was oil in them and reasonably far removed from the center of the earth. Sundry gentlemen who were geologists by their own admission pronounced them such. So did some others known as geologists by general consent. Which, of course, settled it. For had not the geologists (and I draw no invidious distinctions) branded as no good divers other structures in divers other states which are now working overtime at the merry task of making predatory plutocrats out of erstwhile members



Arrows indicate producing wells on date of April 3, 1921

of the down-trodden proletariat? Theoretically, Montana was full of oil.

Theoretically, too, finding it should have been a simple matter. The field of exploration comprised a mere trifle of say seventy thousand

only thing you can be dead sure of is that you will find oil where you find it. But out here Nature has billboarded the scenery with oil signs so conspicuously that he is indeed a boob who cannot spot a dome with one glance after having heard what they look like from a man who never saw one.

All simple enough. But somehow it failed to work out. More things can happen to an oil well than to almost anything else in this world except a movie star, and they all happened to the wells in Montana. The "wildcatters" drilled here, there, and everywhere, but they found no oil. Sometimes they found nothing that even remotely resembled an oil sand. Sometimes they found one, but as thin as a Long Beach bathing suit, or as dry

whence emanate the winter weather reports that malign Montana; but nary a drop of oil.

Let me add here parenthetically that "wildcatting" is a much misunderstood term. It is merely a picturesque expression which means hunting for oil where oil has not yet been located, and in no sense is it a term of opprobrium. The "wildcatter" is the trail blazer, the prospector, the 49er, perennially reincarnated, and where he is, there is the frontier of petroleum production. He has and he must have the spirit and the mettle of the explorer and the pioneer. Without him there would be no oil fields. In the past largely the wildcatting has been done by small independent operators—witness even as recently as this year the Eldorado field in Arkansas—but it so happens that today in Montana some of the largest producing companies in the country are doing a lion's share of the exploration work.

With "nobody finding no oil nowhere," there was no encouragement. But still there were those, as there always are, who persistently refused to entertain the foolish idea that oil fields had any connection with state lines, and still others undaunted by failures not their own. So, after Uncle Sam had attended to his salvage contract overseas, the quest was renewed, and in the last half of the ninth with two down, nobody on base and the tally nothing to nothing, the theorists made a home run and won the game, which only goes to show that any perfectly logical theory can be proved if you keep at it long enough. And just how it finally came about is an interesting story,



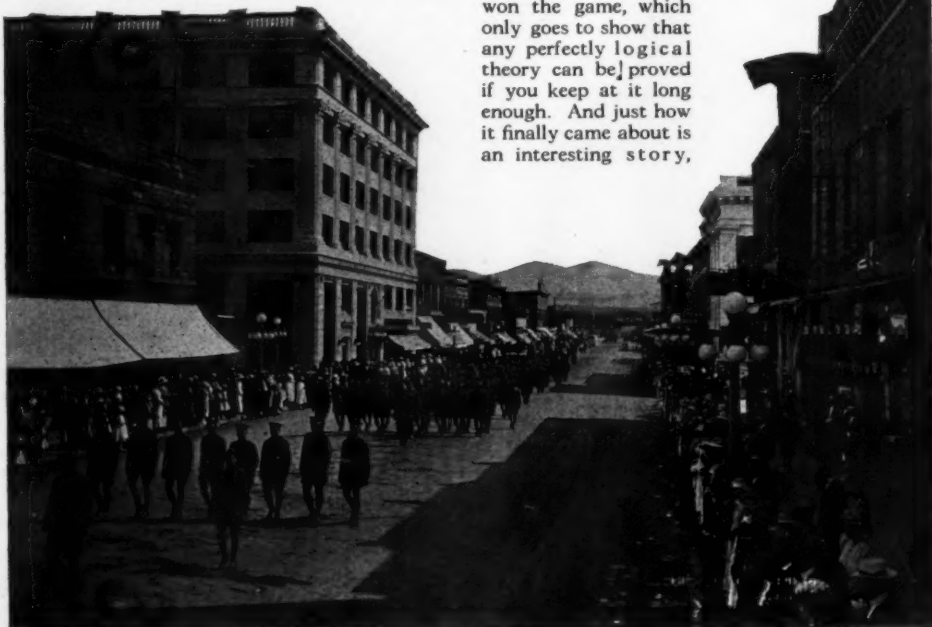
Montana's largest oil producer in Soap Creek, just south of Billings

square miles, and locating the structures in this little tract and then locating the oil in the structures was, of course, not to be compared with the proverbial task of finding the needle in the haystack, or with the contract taken on sometime since by Friend Hercules. All you had to do was to start from somewhere and head for the hills, if indeed you were not already in their midst. Then if, as was not unlikely, you came to a place where the landscape resolved itself into a vast bowl, rimmed with "rimrocks," you simply snapped your fingers and cried in a ponderous voice, "Eureka, Petroleumski—I have it!"

If you were a geologist you attended to a few minor details. Before breakfast you took a bit of a hike around the "dome," not over fifty or a hundred miles, noted the angles at which its circumscribing "escarpment" impinged upon Mother Earth, hypothesized the axis of the structure, scraped up an acquaintance with the native rocks and sands, dug up a handful of fossils and et cetera, and by lunch time perhaps dashed off a rough map indicating the linguistic, genealogical, and other divisions of this particular mineral kingdom. Whether you went to this trouble or not, you proceeded to lease such land as had been pre-empted for more prosaic pursuits, such as dry-farming, and to file locations on such as was still on Uncle Sam's hands. Then you slipped out the first sunshiny morning and raised a little purse—say fifty or seventy-five thousand—and then, after determining exactly where the oil would be found hibernating, you proceeded to find it.

It's different down in the plains country. There Nature has obliterated all the outward signs of oil, anyhow most of them, and about the

as prohibition statistics, or as wet as Gotham is rumored to be. In various places they got—lots of it over near Baker by the Dakota line, ditto around Havre near the Canadian border,



Street scene in Lewistown, while a parade in honor of returned World War veterans was in progress

as are all stories of dreams and theories and struggles and disappointments and courage and persistence which eventuate in the realities of

fortune tellers, or ouija boards, or politicians' promises, and neither do I. Therefore, what happened thereafter was merely an odd coincidence.

The lower deck of the Devil's Basin (all that has been said in its derogation to the contrary notwithstanding) is good farm land when the snow-fall is reasonably heavy and the rainfall normally normal. Tom Pataja is only one of numerous hardy souls who, for reasons best known to themselves, have selected the Devil's Basin as a place in which to forget the tyrannies of kings and woo the goddess of liberty and the jade of fortune. The former had been amiable enough, but not the latter, and when they started "Number One" on his homestead the prospect of a personal

acquaintance with royalties, much as he had always hated the tribe in general, naturally worked on Tom's mind. So that night he dreamed a dream, a tremendously vivid dream, so vivid

"discovery well." The "Treasure State" had uncovered a new treasure, and it is interesting to note in this connection that subsequent study of the previous "wild-catting" operations in the state has brought out that of over two hundred wells, comparatively few of which were ever completed, only some ten per cent were located on what a present-day oil geologist would map as a structure.

This discovery naturally drew the attention of oil men to Montana, but as the fluid was what is known as "heavy" oil, and the production was not large, it caused only a flurry, and it required still more than the Cat Creek discovery to put Montana really on the oil map. This came in May last year, when another well drilled in Cat Creek "blew itself in" with an initial production estimated at three thousand barrels per day. This was the match that fired the magazine, the spark that set off the fireworks, the signal for a final grand offensive all along the line, with the big guns supporting the—shall I say?—infantry, and victory in the air. It was the magic wand that in the twinkling of an eye metamorphosed "Smith, the poor fish," into "Mister Smith, the president of our company."

The rest is the old story of the old days of the gold rushes and of the newer days of the oil "booms," only the setting and the cast are new. Men who had struggled for years against hardship and discouragement found themselves literally jerked over night into the lap of opulence.

Homesteads that one day would have been sold for a song, the next day could not be bought for a fortune. One young man from Texas who, on the advice of a friend, had filed on some government land in Cat Creek before enlisting in the army, came back from France to find that he had an oil well on his ground and was already a near-millionaire. Untold numbers of "poor fish" who had been

"monkeying around" getting leases or making filings, found themselves possessed of rights either immediately worth a small fortune or prospectively worth a big one.



Baptizing the temporary storage tanks of a Cat Creek well

progress and achievement. Of course it was an accident—all such things are. You hear it every day—"the lucky fool."

Along in 1914 Gordon Campbell, a geologist who had been working quite steadily at his trade for some twenty years, was prospecting for oil in Alberta, Canada. He followed a suspicious-looking structure down into Montana without bothering about extradition papers, and got a conviction. Namely, that the formation—cretaceous or czechoslovak, or something of that sort—in which oil occurs (sometimes) would be found outcropping in south central Montana and would occur at comparatively shallow depth and would contain oil. So he got a railroad map, picked out the town whose name appeared in the biggest, blackest type—Roundup it happened to be—and in the spring of 1915 set sail. He liked the name, too, better than any of the others in that section, which suggests that there is something in a name after all.

Arriving there he got the managing director of an auto stable to take him out into the country—anywhere just so it was somewhere. And because the roads were better in that direction, the driver took him north. After twenty odd miles (horizontal measurement only) they came to a vast hollow surrounded by a serrated rim of eagle sandstone—to the oil man in this country a magic talisman. Somebody had well named it the "Devil's Basin," although there are lots of other basins which might quite as pertinently be connected with the Evil One.

Campbell took one look and cried, in a loud voice, "Eureka, Petroleumski—I have it!" But being of the genus geologicus he went to "making medicine," and evolved, of course, a "perfect structure." That means, by the way, that he found no surface indications of any subterranean slips whereby petroleum, having once been lured to this God-forsaken place, could make a getaway. In time the folks thereabouts learned what he was up to and most of them, being perfectly normal people, said he was crazy. But he kept at it, getting leases and then getting backing, and in 1915, with nothing to encourage him but faith, he "spudded in" a well.

You don't believe in dreams, or mediums, or



A typical ranch scene in eastern Montana near the oil fields

that he just had to tell everybody all about it. He dreamed that they struck oil at six hundred feet, that Campbell took the head driller to one side and told him not to get excited because it was only a "showing," and that the driller right afterward broke his arm cranking the engine.

They got a showing of oil at exactly six hundred feet; Campbell took the head driller over to the sunny side of the derrick and said something to him, and the latter, cranking his stalled engine with a crowbar, broke his arm. Scores of citizens who fear God and vote the Republican ticket straight, will take oath that this is Gospel truth.

But, as usual, various things happened to this well, including the World War, and it remained for one Harry Van Duzen, a pioneer sheep magnate over in the country where Theodore Roosevelt acquired the strenuous life idea, to bring home the bacon. Van Duzen "spudded in" about a mile from the "dream well," and on November 6, 1919, cut an oil sand at 1,175 feet and brought in Montana's



Street scene in Billings, Montana

For with discovery came development. And this development in the last thirteen months has gone forward with such speed and has grown to such proportions that even the people of Montana themselves do not fully grasp its tremen-

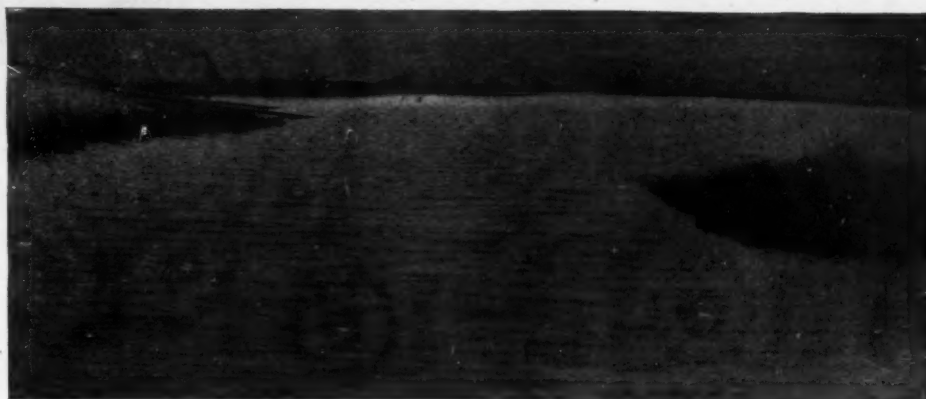
dousness. I do not mean that Montana is blind to the importance of its newly disclosed resource, for it is doubtful if in any other oil state the home folks have shown more initiative and enterprise in securing oil lands and financing oil operations. What I do mean is suggested by the fact that there are men who have been leaders for years in the commercial and industrial life of the state who are only of late becoming thoroughly alive to the fact that here is a source of wealth that will mean perhaps as much to Montana as do the marvelous copper mines which for decades have been one of the cornerstones of her industrial prosperity.

To understand just what is going on and what the future is likely to bring forth, one must be able to visualize eastern Montana, superficially at least, from an oil standpoint. Imagine how your nice white bathroom wall would look if the embryo Christy Mathewson of the family had thrown a handful of ink at it from a distance of say three feet; conceive each of the telltale spots, irregular in design and indiscriminate in arrangement, to be an oil structure, and you get me the first time. More than one hundred such structures have already been "spotted." Two-score or more of them have been subjected to detailed geological survey and pronounced favorable for oil. Before any oil was found in Montana, there was just as much reason to *hope* to find oil in almost any of these structures as in those in which it has since been found. Now there is even more reason to *expect* to find it.

At present drilling is in progress or is soon to begin in almost every one of the structures upon which reputable "rockhounds" (polite name for geologists) have made favorable reports. In these tests several of the largest oil companies in America and more than one big company organized under foreign charter are represented, as well as a host of local companies and independents from all parts of the country. Millions are being expended in these operations, and it is only a question of time until every likely looking structure has a thorough test. That the results will justify the effort is the confident expectation of many of the biggest men in the world of oil, if their published views and the scale of their Montana operations may be taken as a criterion. In many of these structures the drills at this very moment are close to the sands and any day may add a new chapter to Montana's so far meteoric oil history. (Since this article was written the Porcupine field has been brought in.—Ed.)

The third important chapter was written last February when one of the by-products of industrial dissolution, usually spoken of as a "subsidiary company", converted the so-called Soap Creek structure from a wildcat into a proven field by bringing in a five-hundred-barrel flowing well, the field being located fifty odd miles southeast of Billings, more than one hundred miles from either of the other producing fields, and on an anticlinal fold distinct from those on which they are situated. The importance of this discovery was multiplied only a few weeks ago (June 11, to be exact) when a second well was brought in, the measured flow of which is 2,400 barrels per day, making it the largest well in the state to date. This is believed by many oil men to be the "mother pool" for which they are all searching, but as to that only Father Time can tell.

The most intensive development so far has



A lake of pure oil—overflow from one of the first wells in Cat Creek before sufficient storage could be erected. The lake was in reality about two hundred feet in length; the photographer got the Lake Superior effect by combining a short focus with a long head

naturally been in the Cat Creek field, and, to tell the story briefly, there are already fifty producing wells, with scores drilling and scores preparing to drill, a proven zone ten miles in length along the axis of the anticline (all same spinal column) two sands proven productive, three pipelines to railroad, and a monthly production which had passed the eighty-thousand-barrel mark with less than half as many wells last November, when inadequate transportation facilities and other marketing conditions caused a temporary curtailment. And this oil as it comes in virgin form from the bowels of the earth averages ninety-five per cent gasoline and kerosene!

Right here you conclude perhaps, if you have not done so several innings back, that I would be quite at home swapping yarns with Ananias. I don't blame you. The state chemist of Montana wouldn't even believe what his laboratory analysis of this oil showed. So he made a personally-conducted tour of the field, took oil out of one of the wells with his own hands, so to speak, and made another analysis which, as he then announced, showed eighty-four per cent gasoline, six per cent kerosene, eight per cent lubricants with paraffin base, and two per cent asphalt. If your engine is warm, you can take this "crude" oil as it comes from the casing head, put it into your gas tank and drive away as blithely as if you had paid thirty-five cents a gallon for the refined product.

In the Devil's Basin in the meantime various factors have retarded development, and the field to date has only three producing wells, but more thorough and extensive exploration is now under way. The oil in this field runs about sixty-one per cent lubricants and thirty-one per cent gasoline and kerosene, which is about the same as that of the Soap Creek field, sixty-eight per cent and twenty-seven per cent, respectively. In Soap Creek large-scale operations are already on foot.

Now to shift on the last reel from fact to fancy, it is interesting and in no way risky to speculate upon the coming events before which towering derricks are casting their shadows. Where will be another Cat Creek, another "Kitten River," as one of the early arrivals facetiously called it? You have a picturesque aggregation from which to choose: Porcupine, Ragged Point, Rattle-

snake Butte, Woman's Pocket, Duck Creek, Rotten Grass, Shawmut, Black Butte, Devil's Pocket, Antelope Point, Big Wall, Big Elk, Milk River, Hailstone Basin, Arrow Creek—to name only a few which breathe obtrusively the atmosphere of the vanishing West that was.

Some of them are sure to live up to the promise of their names, and as they do, so will Montana's Tulsa or Casper or Fort Worth be born. As yet the question as to which of many hard-hitting towns shall cop the coveted title of Montana's heavy-weight champion oil burg stands unsettled, and it is with hesitation that I mention any of them, fearing that I may omit an unknown, destined mayhap to corral this proud and profitable distinction.

Roundup, as the jumping-off place for Devil's Basin, was first in the field and without a rival in the offing until the scene shifter got in his work at Cat Creek. Then Lewistown, as the nearest railroad point of consequence, hopped into the spotlight, and has since almost monopolized the stage. Simultaneously Winnett, a village of four hundred souls at the end of a branch line from Lewistown, began to take on airs. Winnett (they now put the accent on the "win") had until that time been peace—yea, slumber—communally personified, but already they have added a cipher to the business end of the population statistics, and the song of saw and hammer sounds night and day. Billings, junction point of trans-continental railroads and highways north, south, east and west, believes herself the city of destiny, with Soap Creek as her Romulus, and a bevy of drilling structures from which to cast the role of twin. So does Hardin, the new field's nearest shipping point and supply center. And Great Falls, largest city in Eastern Montana, Havre, Harlowtown, Forsyth, Miles City—these and others too numerous to mention are dreaming dreams attuned to the rhythmic tomtom of the drill.

I hazard no prophecy, venture no guess. You studies the railroad maps and the oil maps and you reads the Chamber of Commerce "literature," and you takes your choice. But I do say this, without hesitation: Montana before many moons will have her Tulsa, her Casper, her Fort Worth—one of them, at least, and maybe all. It's in the cards.



CUB REPORTER AT TWENTY-TWO; MILLIONAIRE EDITOR AT FORTY

Marcellus E. Foster, editor and principal owner of the Houston "Chronicle," is rare combination of news-assembler, writer, and business executive who built a great newspaper and a skyscraper on the principle of being fair to his enemies

THIS is the story of a dynamic human composite who built one of America's greatest newspapers and one of the most modern newspaper plants on the theory that fairness pays—fairness to his readers, to his advertisers, to the public, and lastly to his enemies! He is one of the chosen few, probably the first and only newspaper owner and editor to build both a great paper and as well a modern building during the first few years of the original ownership. As soon as his paper was well under way and an assured success, Mr. Foster built a building befitting his profession and that of his employees. The *Chronicle* was launched on a "shoe string," but it has always had an aristocratic environment and home, as the visitor will see as he first approaches the city of Houston. This all happened within the short space of ten years—from cub reporter to millionaire publisher, and, potentially, one of the foremost citizens of Houston, a city that has turned out some of the nation's biggest men.

Marcellus Elliott Foster (affectionately dubbed "Mefo" because of his similarly christened column in the *Chronicle*) is a Kentuckian, a thoroughbred, and to the manner born. He is a cavalier if there ever was one, in mind, manners, and human sympathy; and the difference between himself and those mythical characters we sometimes read about is that he is still in the flesh and one of us, a man's man, willing to do more than his part, and at all times an unselfish worker for his home city. That he is a power in Houston was recently shown when Foster and his paper defeated the Manchester bond issue. In this fight he whipped his opponents to a standstill, and now Houston doffs its hat to this Napoleonic newspaper wizard. Foster has lived to see his nearest newspaper rival exhaust itself, to grow vapid and insipid, while all the time his own paper was climbing to the point where the city of Houston now says: "As goes the *Chronicle*, so goes Houston."

Oil men would describe Marcellus E. Foster as a "straight shooter," as one who is on the level. He can think like lightning and dispose of a proposition whether big or little right now, without equivocation. His little short and jerky sentences rivet the attention and actually lend a personal charm to his conversation. One of the greatest tributes ever paid him was by a veteran publisher, who said that Foster was the ablest all-round newspaper man and business executive he had ever met; and that was years ago, long before he was on the high road to real achievement.

Mr. Foster was born at Pembroke, Christian county, Kentucky, November 29, 1870, and during his third year was brought to Huntsville, Texas, where his parents located. He served on the Huntsville *Item* as printer's devil, compositor, and general utility man. After graduating from the Sam Houston Normal of Huntsville, he did some special work at the University of Texas, but even at this time was fully determined to be a newspaper man. He came to Houston and accepted a place on the *Houston Post* for ten dollars a week as reporter, later becoming financial and Sunday editor, and a little later managing editor, probably the youngest managing editor of any paper of like importance in the country. With the discovery of oil at Beaumont, Mr. Foster made several lucky investments; and on October 14, 1901, established the *Houston Chronicle*, which has grown from a six-page paper to its present size and importance. While primarily interested in the *Chronicle*, and the active executive of the paper, Mr. Foster

has other large interests in Houston, including a modern office building known as the Foster Building. He is a member of the Elks, the Houston Club, the Rotary Club, the Lumberman's Club and Ad League, and one of the most



MARCELLUS E. FOSTER

President of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association, and editor and principal owner of the *Houston Chronicle*, by all odds the most conspicuous individual and financial success among Southern publishers. At twenty-two he was a cub reporter; at twenty-eight managing editor of the *Houston Post*; at thirty-one he started a newspaper of his own and at forty he was a millionaire. He is one of the few combination editor-publishers who is both a finished newspaper man and writer as well as an able business executive. From the standpoint of local influence and as a financial success the *Houston Chronicle* probably comes first among Southern newspapers. Mr. Foster is now but fifty years of age

progressive and constructive leaders in the financial and civic affairs of his home city.

Combined with a fine sense of newspaper ethics, Mr. Foster has invested the *Chronicle*, as well as his other activities, with a man-to-man policy of square dealing and fairness; and this has been one of the secrets of his success. He is fair even to his enemies and critics; and today the people of Houston recognize M. E. Foster as one of the great editors and publishers of the nation, and one of the ablest business executives—successful alike as the builder and founder of a metropolitan newspaper and as a financier.



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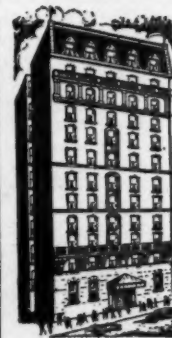
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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

"Antiseptic" Williams—a Doctor "for Doctors Only"

This well-known Kansas City osteopath writes much of the best osteopathic literature, including some of the most effective "ethical" advertising, manufactures a half dozen antiseptics that have found their way around the world, and edits a magazine

EMERSON somewhere had something to say about what happens

By EVERETT LLOYD

when a Thinker is turned loose in the world. The doctor in Kansas City about whom I write is a Thinker, and things have been happening ever since he graduated in osteopathy at the American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri. That was in 1900, and "Antiseptic" Williams was born in 1877 at Cameron, Missouri. He is still young and has only begun to make things fairly hum in the medical world; and he is such a force that any of the schools of medicine would be glad to have him in their particular fold, regulars of what-not—even the greatest of the chiropractors trying to wean him away from his first love. There is at least one fine trait about Dr. Williams: He does not claim that his school or branch of treating disease in the only cure-all; he sees the good in everything, and frequently tells his colleges that osteopathy has not grown as it should, and cites chiropractic and its wonderful growth. It has been phenomenal, regardless of what we think of it as an art or science.

To meet and observe Dr. Williams, one can readily see what a power he would have been in any profession, business, or industry. What a banker, lawyer, editor or big business man he would have made, because he utilizes the same great principles in his own business! As a straight-out, plain-so osteopath, fresh from college, he built a five-figure business in Kansas City while other doctors were failing, and he did this long before he was thirty-five, and at that time five-figure salaries—or ten thousand dollars and upwards were not running around loose.

What was his method? The power of the printed word—the literary route, a monthly magazine of sixty-four pages going to more than six thousand osteopathic doctors throughout the world; a magazine brimful of radical and unorthodox

medical thought, casting tradition, myths, and legends to the wind. The magazine is a great success and carries a quantity of substantial advertising business—and as an advertiser Williams is supreme, with a virtual monopoly on his particular brand of professional publicity—educational publicity; and one would not have to be a seer to judge what Williams could have done in the advertising field had he specialized on this line. With his magazine and millions of other pieces of high-grade literature, printed on deckle-edge paper, going to every osteopath of known address and through the osteopaths, in turn, being read by millions of the laity, explains how Williams has been able to accomplish his good work. He has caused his fellow doctors to do a little original thinking, to paddle their own canoes, cut loose from fossilized methods and advertise via the Williams' magazine and the Williams' booklets, which are considered by many as among the most lucid and intelligent professional literature printed.



DR. R. H. WILLIAMS

Editor of "The Osteopath," and publisher of the Williams' Booklets on Osteopathy, one of the leading intellectualists of his profession and its most active doer and thinker. Recently he acquired a monopoly on a famous mineral water at Bowling Green, Missouri, and has visions of a great osteopathic health center. He is a combination professional man, writer, business man, and health crusader, closely approaching the late Elbert Hubbard

THE MEANING OF OSTEOPATHY

Definition: "Osteopathy is a system of healing, using manipulation for the purpose of correcting structural or mechanical defects of the spine, or other parts of the body, and thus relieving irritation and pressure upon nerves and blood vessels, and liberating the natural remedial forces within the body. Diet, hygiene, and exercise are used, and right living is taught. Internal drugs are not administered as therapeutic agents, but are employed as parasitocides, and are also used as an act of mercy to alleviate pain in hopeless cases. Osteopaths consider pain a very important diagnostic aid, and instead of trying to stop pain at once, they try to seek out the cause and remove it. Briefly, osteopathy means readjustment of the human machine."—From one of the Williams' booklets.

And here is the reason or justification for Osteopathy from another Williams' booklet:

"The human body is a machine. As a finished product of the Creator, it is perfect. Not only is every part adjusted to every other part, but it is self-recuperative. Like the newest automobiles, it is self-oiling, but more, it manufactures within itself the lubricants needed to keep the machinery in motion."

inspiring others with his message, he has become a source of great and vital influence, respected as a clean-cut and successful business man by the business men of his home city and state, and by the entire fraternity of doctors who are familiar with his worth and methods.

In his practice Dr. Williams discovered the need of an absolutely pure antiseptic soap, and finding nothing on the market, set about to make one himself—a soap properly antiseptized for diseases of the skin, scalp, and hair. The same was true of his quest for an antiseptic gargle, and he made his antiseptic Graded Liquids and the Mentholated Ointment. With the Bowling Green Mineral Water he believes he has found the most perfect mild, harmless laxative and diuretic water in the world, and the entire supply of his Twin Springs has been sold in advance—to osteopathic doctors who are his customers for his literary wares as well as his antiseptic.

With Dr. Williams, the successful practice of medicine, or rather of osteopathy, begins and ends with antiseptics, and this is largely true in the medical profession. At least it is true among osteopaths, for whom his wares are specially made; and osteopaths are not given to medicines anyway, and others are following suit.

Now to do what this Kansas City osteopath has done, to be the spokesman, editor, ad-writer, and grand purveyor of antiseptics and mineral water for six thousand customers, and to personally supervise his various interests argues a man of attainments and energy. He is one of very few successful professional leaders who is a great business man, master salesman, an able writer, chemist, and talker, all rolled into one. Elbert Hubbard was probably the greatest combination of the writing man, lover of books, and business genius, one who was capable of becoming a Jim Hill, a Marshall Field, or a Harriman had he gone in for business solely. Dr. Williams is of this type, and he is a lover of good printing and expensive paper; and with him everything has to represent the last word in quality. This is one of the secrets of his success. And he combines simplicity and expert knowledge with common sense. His is the resilient power that enables him to do the work of a half dozen men and still have plenty of reserve energy and boyish personality. Every piece of printing that leaves his office—and millions of pieces go out during the year—is a work of art, and perfectly edited and prepared. He has no

When Dr. Williams conceived his idea it was a seeming stroke of genius, and in this way he has served his profession as no other man has been able to serve it. He is known to every osteopath in the world; six thousand read everything he prints, and more than three thousand of them have used one or more of his antiseptic preparations—Williams' Antiseptic Soap; Dr. Williams' Mentholated Antiseptic Ointment, Williams' Graded Antiseptic Liquids, used as a gargle to prevent the ravages of air-borne bacteria; or his famous Bowling Mineral Water. These various remedies have been used in more than a half million cases, covering all the ills they are intended for. For a long time Dr. Williams worked for the doctors. Now they are working for him. By the printed word, by public addresses at various state conventions, by magazine articles, and

competitors and no successful imitators, mainly because he is wholly original, his work fulfilling a need and his product being the best of its kind. Without these elements he could not have built up the great business he has, expanding each year and making as much money as most railroad presidents.

Who is "Antiseptic" (R. H.) Williams, anyway? The minor facts concerning his birth and education at Cameron, Missouri, his attendance at college and graduation at the American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Missouri, in 1900, and his going to Kansas City to practice soon thereafter are all of slight importance. The great facts are as related, and I am quite sure that he is just now glimpsing the high-road of great and lasting achievements. Money has ceased to be the great object of his life—probably never was. His case presents an illustration of the man who has found his work—and like all men who find their work, they are happy and in love with it, finally arriving at the point where they can do the most good. Money gravi-

tates to such men, regardless of their work and professional activities.

There is this outstanding fact about Dr. Williams—no strictly non-surgical doctor was ever in so close touch with so many thousand colleagues, working with them and having them for his customers; having them and them only to the number of more than six thousand, his "patients" and clients. And lay patients to the number of more than half a million have heard of him through the local osteopathic doctor. In deed and in truth he is a doctor "for doctors only."

Dr. Williams' home is in Kansas City, as are also his offices, which include seven rooms in the New Ridge Building, but he spends part of his time at his new mineral water resort at Bowling Green, Missouri, where he is planning to build one of the most famous resorts in the United States, using osteopathic methods of healing, plus the ever-present Williams' antiseptics, and nothing stronger than Bowling Green Mineral Water.

They Say in France, "Sache la Femme"

WHENEVER a criminal is brought before a

judge of the Court of Justice in France, he invariably exclaims: "*Sache la femme!*"

Today, in our own land, many mothers are echoing the exclamation of the French judge, and "Find the woman" is wrung from many breaking hearts in deepest anguish.

No longer is the old prayer of "Lord, save my daughter," uppermost in the petitions sent on high, but "Dear Lord, save my son," is the constant prayer of the mothers, who stand aghast at the perilous invasion of so-called new freedom and larger liberties of girls of today.

From the beginning of time, sin has been laid at the feet of woman. "She tempted me" was the excuse of Adam in the Garden of Eden. Since that day in Paradise when these words were uttered by the first man, there has never been a time when all men could so truthfully claim the same excuse, "She tempted me," for their wrong doings, as now, when the young girls of today, heedless of advice and admonition, and like a herd of wild ponies, are rushing madly over old traditions. They leap with one bound the fences of convention that have restricted them in the past, and with only one idea, one thought, one goal in view, to have a good time regardless of consequences. They most assuredly can find some woman's son to join them in the pursuit.

Not only in our own country, but over all lands, is this restlessness paramount in the young of today. The war is responsible for much of this madness. Sir Philip Gibbs, in an article in the April number of *Harper's Magazine* on "The Social Revolution in English Life," says: "English girlhood found its wings in the war, and they flew away from the old traditions of inclosure to a larger liberty. There has been an immense social change that has changed the manners and spirit of English life, and these clear-eyed girls of war-time England, now grown to womanhood, have nothing in common with the prim and timid ways of their mammas and grandmammas, but face life without shyness or fear; confident, frank, adventurous, out for fun at any price—which is often too high and horrible."

There it is, plainly told by one who has looked on, and the cost summed up in these words, "And the price too high and horrible." Better that the wings should be clipped and that the old traditions be adhered to, than to settle the account with a ruined life, a despair worse than death.

By KATE DOWNING GHENT

In an interview a few days ago, Clara Morris, who has just returned

from California, is quoted as saying of modern girlhood of the West: "Public opinion in the West has decided that the rich man's daughter shall also work, even while enjoying the gayeties of youth!" and adds: "Unquestionably there is more drinking by girls in their teens; they smoke—and oh, how they talk!—they pride themselves on discussing every tabooed subject in mixed crowds."

Shades of the Immortals! Girls in their teens drinking, smoking, and talking without restriction in a half-intoxicated state on subjects that are risque. What a picture!

What man would want to remember his mother as belonging at one time of her life to such a set as this? And yet future men must have mothers; and some of them will not be to blame if they have not as a birthright the inborn principles of gentleness, refinement, and good breeding that every one has a just right to claim.

The salvation of the human race in all lands, among all peoples, in all times, is dependent upon the mothers of the race, and there will never come a time when this old order will be changed. To rear a nation of physically perfect, mentally balanced, upright men, the women must guard well their own morals, and keep themselves pure in mind, in thought, and in deed. There is consolation in the knowledge that there are still among us many mothers of the old school who hold fast to their convictions of integrity of life, and their standards for high ideals of human life.

It is very wrong to write an article on "these wild young things," without paying a tribute to the thousands of right-minded thinking women, and the thousands of lovely girls who are living up to their ideals of right and wholesomeness. It would be a false statement to make it appear that the whole world had gone mad.

Still, with all that has been written for and against the "Flapper," as the young girl of today is called—all thoughtful men and women must know that the majority of young girls are traveling at a pace too rapid for their best interests, and for clear thinking. It is time someone hung out the red lantern sign of danger, crying "Halt!" in tones so intense, so emphatic and convincing, that they will pause long enough to listen to reason.

If they will not heed the danger signal, I know no surer way of heading them off—so to speak—than for the young men, themselves, to throw up a barricade by refusing to join them in their mad chase for the sunken road of defeat. To



MRS. KATE DOWNING GHENT
Club Woman and Sociologist

save these splendid, spirited young riders of the new order, riders clad in their too scanty, flimsy armor of conquest, from the sunken road of their own folly—that is the task!

Automobiles, dancing to jazz music, drinking, cigarettes, speed! Poor little innocent Flappers, what chance have they for calm thinking? what opportunity for cultivating poise and the refinements of life that go toward making gentlewomen? If a stop in their mad rush could be brought about so suddenly that it would put these foolish girls all at sea and take away their compass for a time, then, with vision cleared, they might begin all over again, and begin on a sensible tack.

If, instead of indulging in the mad, wild dances of today, they would dance the minuet, until they regained their initial poise, so many tragedies could be avoided. It would soothe their restless spirits to move in the slow, dignified rhythm of the stately minuet, as a lullaby soothes a restless child, after too much romping and excitement.

A girl doesn't have to give up any of the real pleasures of life by renouncing the things that border on the risque; but everything that is worth while is to be gained: self-respect, self-reliance, and a true conception of the values of life, together with the sacred duty of keeping one's self pure and unspotted from world contact.

If the young men of this time and day do not go to the eternal pow-wows, it will not be the fault of the heedless young girls who scoff at restraint and convention; who see only the daring, venturesome side of life, and with its slang phraseology and its easy-going freedom rush into new and unexplored fields. Ah, dear little Flapper the world over, would that I could gather you all together in one big fold, while you are still innocent and guileless. I would guard you with my very life from the elusive, intangible, disappointing thing you are so madly rushing to secure—A GOOD TIME.

WITH HARDING IN NEW YORK

THE banquet at the Hotel Astor in New York in honor of the President, given by the Society of Political Science, will never be forgotten by those present. They have stocked up another thrill colorful of memories.

The day was eventful and began at Hoboken Pier, the same spot where thousands of boys in khaki left for the memorable voyage overseas during the war, in the darkness of night and under cover.

On from Pershing Square came a salvo of salutes. New York seemed to stop revolving for the moment, while it reveled in the extension of a genuine welcome to our President. The "ring-ding-ding" of Broadway stopped to salute him and wave to him.

As we started to plough our way through the public arena to gain an entrance into the Hotel Astor, where dinner was to be served, we had not reckoned on the ever-watchful eye of the "bobbie." Two or three blue uniforms stopped us, and it was not until Brigadier-General Sawyer accidentally came upon the distressful scene to convince the guards we were not anarchists or bomb-testers, that we were allowed to proceed unmolested.

It was quickly discerned that the most popular men of the hour were Senator Elihu Root and William Howard Taft. They were cheered and cheered and cheered again as the President augmented the enthusiasm by making special reference to them in his speech.

As for the address given by President Harding—would that I could print on paper the intense interest and emotion he aroused as he spoke.

In a pouring rainstorm (but what boot it?) the President and his wife drove along the avenue past a sea of faces; faces of school children so eager and happy to have the opportunity of seeing their President. They were three hundred thousand strong, all cheering the ruler with flag and song.

Then to the Armory, where with R. A. C. Smith, presiding officer of the Commercial banquet, introducing the president of the New York Commercial, Mr. Whitman, New York's notable representatives of finance, industry and art paid homage to their guest of honor.

Secretary Hoover's speech was masterful in its clear analysis of the fundamental needs of the hour. Coolidge's declarations of faith in America, showing that effort and toil and handicaps were necessary in building up a country strong and virile, and his insistence that "to destroy the government was to destroy the people" brought many of his listeners into a decidedly greater listening attitude.

The President, eager, attentive, anxious to grasp and digest every detail of the round of speeches, smoked his cigar meditatively. The red flame through the ash lit up his face, so that the sparkle in his eyes was luminous and beautiful to behold.

When he rose to speak every last man present responded instantly. In the main, he would divert now and then, just to express himself more directly and closely to his hearers. He pleaded for understanding. He gave you the feeling that you, alone, were his auditor, and he was making an envied confidant of you.

"No people," he said, "no race, no continent can live within itself alone. He who displays the broadest spirit of brotherhood, helpfulness, and true charity will most surely be casting his bread upon the waters."

In the same speech he said:

"In our efforts at establishing industrial justice, we must see that the wage earner is placed in an economically sound position. His lowest wage must be enough for comfort, enough to make his house a home, enough to ensure that the struggle for existence will not crowd out the things truly worth existing for.

"Every American must do something to stop profligate waste and speed up production. Ser-

vice must be rendered for every dollar the government expended."

Mrs. Harding, gracious, attractive, appeared and had a nice little old-fashioned visit, but, as usual, her eyes were fixed on her husband. Her one hobby will always remain to her a distinct hobby—Warren G. Harding.

As the men clamored about the President, anxious to shake hands with him and so autograph a memorable evening, he was found to be the same delightful genial man, although I suspect his right arm was weary.

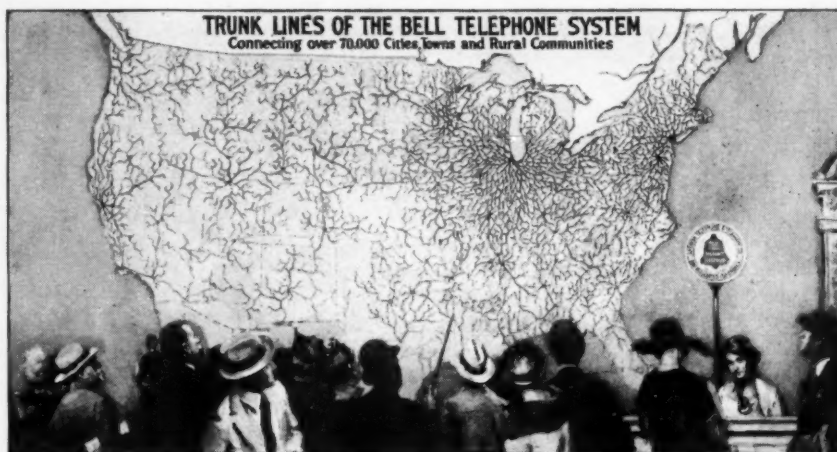
Mingling among the rest of the banqueters, going out of the hotel I heard here and there and everywhere the same pronounced stamp of approval, coming from men, too, who were big enough to criticize justly. They said to one another, "Great speech! Great speech! How glad I am that I was there!"

The Presidential party then drove back to the

Mayflower at the witching hour of twelve. Tired? Yes, but happy, too! President Harding's glances of human sympathy stopped the people as they caught a glimpse of the motor whizzing by.

Yes, the President drove on with a smile, feeling that this amply repaid him for the wearing fatigue he had given himself up to, when taking the chair. He "got" all the New York papers, emphatically so! Many called him simply a "Lincoln man." What greater tribute?

So this administrative head with his eagerness to be understood, his cordiality to all the world, his quaint biblical phraseology reflected in his addresses, called it another day. What greater and more noble humility exists than that evinced in the soul of our President when he mentioned in one of his speeches, "Some may complain of my style of grammar, but I guess you understand me!"



UNITED STATES	
Population	107,100,000
Square Miles	3,027,000
Number of Post Offices.....	52,600
Miles of Railway (1916).....	250,000
Passengers carried	1,191,000,000

BELL SYSTEM	
Telephones owned and affiliated	12,600,000
Miles of wire owned.....	25,400,000
Number of Employees.....	270,000
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What's the Matter with Collegiate Education

(Continued from page 165)

of these industries, the student will develop practical ability which it is impossible to secure from study alone. Self-reliance and responsibility grow only from their exercise. It will be the aim, therefore, to make opportunities for the independent or responsible activities of the more advanced students.

About six years will be required for the average student to secure the preparation for life which is aimed at in the college, and to eliminate as completely as possible the years of blind stumbling about to find his proper place, which is the common lot of the college graduate. But at Antioch, credit will be given not as in the standard college, for hours spent, but for accomplishment. Whenever a student can demonstrate that he has mastered a course, he will be given credit. The time for graduation, therefore, will depend somewhat upon the individual student.

The college will offer liberal art courses, in the usual sense of the term, for those who wish later

to prepare in a professional school for medicine, law, or other calling not represented at Antioch, and for those who wish the full liberal arts course for its own sake. There will be also a number of technical and vocational courses, but all given with the aim of developing general ability for self direction and proprietorship, rather than the narrower training of the technical specialist. Among the technical and vocational courses planned are those in Business Administration, Civil Engineering, Contracting, Education as applied to the Administration of Consolidated Rural Schools, Farming and Machine Shop Operation and Management.

The many steps taken in working out this plan; the reduction of the waste of resources which results from superficial multiplicity of college courses; the provisions for students of special abilities to develop these abilities beyond the regular courses offered; the co-ordination of departments, so that the college will be synthetically whole and not an aggregation of independent and conflicting departments; the requirements that physical health shall weigh in importance with scholarship; the decision that technical training must have a foundation of liberal arts education, to the end that the student may become a citizen able to enjoy life and contribute to the culture of his community as well as to make a living; these are the keystones of the new college education that will be carried out by Antioch.

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